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## ON THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

AFTER all that has been written about the Schleswig-Holstein question, how little is known about those whom that question chiefly concerns—the Schleswig-Holsteiners. There may be a vague recollection that, during the general turmoil of 1848, the German inhabitants of the Duchies rose against the Danes; that they fought bravely, and at last succumbed, not to the valour, but to the diplomacy of Denmark. But, after the Treaty of London in 1852 had disposed of them, as the Treaty of Vienna had disposed of other brave people, they sank below the horizon of European interests, never to rise again, it was fondly hoped, till the present generation had passed away.

Yet these Schleswig-Holsteiners have an interest of their own, quite apart from the political clouds that have lately gathered round their country. Ever since anything is known of the history of Northern Europe, we find Saxon races established as the inhabitants of that northern peninsula which was then called the *Cimbric Chersonese*. The first writer who ever mentions the name of Saxons is Ptolemy,<sup>1</sup> and he speaks of them as settled in what is now called Schleswig-Holstein.<sup>2</sup> At the time of Charlemagne the Saxon race is described

to us as consisting of three tribes—the *Ostfalai*, *Westfalai*, and *Angrarii*. The *Westphalians* were settled near the Rhine, the *Eastphalians* near the Elbe, and the intermediate country, washed by the Weser, was held by the *Angrarii*.<sup>3</sup> The name of Westphalia is still in existence—that of Eastphalia has disappeared, but its memory survives in the English *sterling*. Eastphalian traders, the ancestors of the merchant princes of Hamburg, were known in England by the name of *Easterlings*, and, their money being of the purest quality, *Easterling*, shortened to *sterling*, became the general name of pure or sterling money. The name of the third tribe, the *Angrarii*, continued through the Middle Ages as the name of a people, and to the present day the Dukes of Anhalt call themselves Dukes of "*Sachsen, Engern, und Westphalen*." But the name of the *Angrarii* was meant to fulfil another and more glorious destiny. The name *Angrarii* or *Angarii*<sup>4</sup> is a corruption of the older name, *Angrivarii*, the famous German race mentioned by Tacitus as the neighbours of the *Cherusci*. These *Angrivarii* are in later documents called *Anglevarii*. The termination *varii*<sup>5</sup> represents the same word which exists in A. S. as *ware*; for instance, in *Cant-ware*, inhabitants of Kent, or *Cant-ware*.

<sup>1</sup> Ptol. ii. 11, ἐν τῷ τὸν ἀρχαῖα τῆς Καμπανίας Ἰσπανίας ὁνομαζόμενης.

<sup>2</sup> Grimm, *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, p. 609. Strabo, Pliny, and Tacitus, do not mention the name of Saxons.

<sup>3</sup> Grimm, l. c. 629.

<sup>4</sup> See Poeta Saxo, anno 772, in Pertz, *Monum. I.* 228, line 36; Grimm, l. c. 629.

<sup>5</sup> See Grimm, *Deutsche Sprache*, p. 781.

*burh*, Canterbury; *burh-ware*, inhabitants of a town. It is derived from *werian*, to defend, to hold, and may be connected with *wer*, a man. The same termination is found in *Ansvarii* or *Ampsvarii*; probably also in *Teutonoarii* instead of *Teutoni*, *Chattuarii* instead of *Chatti*.

The principal seats of these *Angrarii* were, as we saw, between the Rhine and Elbe, but Tacitus<sup>1</sup> knows of *Anglii*, i.e. *Angrii*, east of the Elbe, and an offshoot of the same Saxon tribe is found very early in possession of that famous peninsula between the Schlei and the Bay of Flensburg on the eastern coast of Schleswig,<sup>2</sup> which by Latin writers was called *Anglia*, i.e. *Angria*. To derive the name of *Anglia* from the Latin *angulus*,<sup>3</sup> corner, is about as good an etymology as the kind-hearted remark of St. Gregory, who interpreted the name of *Angli* by *angeli*. From that *Anglia*, the *Angli*, together with the *Saxons* and *Juts*, migrated to the British isles in the fifth century, and the name of the *Angli*, as that of the most numerous tribe, became in time the name of *Englaland*.<sup>4</sup> In the Latin laws ascribed to King Edward the Confessor a curious supplement is found, which states "that the *Juts* (*Guti*) came formerly from the noble blood of the *Angli*, namely, from the state of *Engra*, and that the English came from the same blood. The *Juts*, therefore, like the *Angli* of Germany, should always be received in England as brothers, and as citizens of the realm, because the *Angli* of England and Germany had always intermarried, and had fought together against the Danes."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Germania, c. 40. Grimm, l. c. 604.

<sup>2</sup> Grimm, 641.

<sup>3</sup> Beda, Hist. Eccl. I. 15. Porro de Anglis, hoc est, de illa patria quæ Angulus dicitur, &c.; Ethelwert, Chron. I. Porro Anglia vetus sita est inter Saxones et Giotos, habens oppidum capitale, quod sermone Saxonico *Sleuic* nuncupatur, secundum vero Danos, *Haithaby*.

<sup>4</sup> Grimm, l. c. p. 630.

<sup>5</sup> *Guti* vero similiter cum veniunt (in regnum Britannie) suscipi debent, et protegi in regno isto sicut conjurati fratres, sicut propinqui et proprii cives regni hujus. Exierunt enim quondam de nobili sanguine Anglorum, scilicet de *Engra* civitate, et *Anglici* de sanguine illorum, et semper efficiuntur populus unus et gens una. Ita constituit optimus Ina Rex

Like the *Angli* of Anglia, the principal tribes clustering round the base of the Cimbric peninsula, and known by the general name of *Northalbingi* or *Transalbiani*, also *Nordleudi*, were all offshoots of the Saxon stem. Adam of Bremen (2, 15) divides them into *Tedmarsgoi*, *Holcedæ*, and *Sturmarii*. In these it is easy to recognise the modern names of *Dithmarschen*, *Holtseten* or *Holsten*, and *Stormarn*; but it would require more space than we can afford, were we to enter into the arguments by which Grimm has endeavoured to identify the *Dithmarschen* with the *Teutoni*, the *Stormarn* with the *Cimbri*, and the *Holsten* with the *Harudes*. His arguments, if not convincing, are at least highly ingenious, and may be examined by those interested in these matters, in his "History of the German Language," pp. 633—640.

For many centuries the Saxon inhabitants of those regions have had to bear the brunt of the battle between the Scandinavian and the German races. From the days when the German Emperor Otho I. (died 973) hurled his swift spear from the northernmost promontory of Jutland into the German Ocean to mark the true frontier of his empire, to the day when Christian IX. put his unwilling pen to that Danish constitution which was to incorporate all the country north of the Eider with Denmark, they have had to share in all the triumphs and all the humiliations of that German race to which they are linked by the strong ties of a common blood and a common language.

Such constant trials and vicissitudes

Anglorum. . . . Multi vero Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Anglorum Germanie, et quidam Angli ceperunt uxores suas de sanguine et genere Scotorum; proceres vero Scotorum, et Scoti fere omnes ceperunt uxores suas de optimo genere et sanguine Anglorum Germanie, et ita fuerunt tunc temporis per universum regnum Britannie duo in carne una. . . . Universi predicti semper postea pro communi utilitate coronæ regni in simul et in unum viriliter contra Danos et Norwegienses semper steterunt; et atrocissime unanimi voluntate contra inimicos pugnauerunt, et bella atrocissima in regno gesserunt. (Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen, ed. Schmid, p. 296.)

have told on the character of these German borderers, and have made them what they are, a hardy and determined, yet careful and cautious race. Their constant watchings and struggles against the slow encroachments or sudden inroads of an enemy more inveterate even than the Danes, viz. the sea, had imparted to them from the earliest times somewhat of that wariness and perseverance which we perceive in the national character of the Dutch and the Venetians. But the fresh breezes of the German Ocean and the Baltic kept their nerves well braced and their hearts buoyant, and for muscular development the arms of these sturdy ploughers of the sea and the land can vie with those of any of their neighbours on the isles or on the continent. *Holsten-treue*, i.e. Holstein-truth, is proverbial throughout Germany, and it has stood the test of long and fearful trials.

There is but one way of gaining an insight into the real character of a people, unless we can actually live among them for years; and that is to examine their language and literature. Now it is true that the language spoken in Schleswig-Holstein is not German—at least not in the ordinary sense of the word—and one may well understand how travellers who have picked up their German phrases from Ollendorf, and who, on the strength of this, try to enter into a conversation with Holstein peasants, should arrive at the conclusion that these peasants speak Danish, or at all events, that they do not speak German.

The Germans of Schleswig-Holstein are Saxons, and all true Saxons speak Low German, and Low German is more different from High German than English is from Highland Scotch. Low German, however, is not to be mistaken for vulgar German. It is the German which from time immemorial was spoken in the low countries and along the northern sea-coast of Germany, as opposed to the German of the high country, of Swabia, Thuringia, Bavaria, and Austria. These two dialects differ from each other like Doric and Ionic; neither can be considered as a corruption of the other; and,

however far back we trace these two branches of living speech, we never arrive at a point when they diverge from one common source. The Gothic of the fourth century, preserved in the translation of the Bible by Ulfilas, is to all intents and purposes Low German, only Low German in its most primitive form, and more primitive therefore in its grammatical framework than the earliest specimens of High German, which date only from the seventh or eighth century. This Gothic, which was spoken in the east of Germany, has become extinct. The Saxon, spoken in the north of Germany, continues its manifold existence to the present day in the Low German dialects, in Frisian, in Dutch, and in English. The rest of Germany was and is occupied by High German. In the West the ancient High German dialect of the Franks has been absorbed in French, while the German spoken from the earliest times in the centre and south of Germany has supplied the basis of what is now called the literary and classical language of Germany.

Although the literature of Germany is chiefly High German, there are a few literary compositions, both ancient and modern, in these different dialects, sufficient to enable scholars to distinguish at least nine distinct grammatical settlements; in the Low German branch, *Gothic, Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, Frisian, and Dutch*; in the High German branch, *Thuringian, Frankish, Bavarian, and Alemannish*. Professor Weinhold is engaged at present in publishing separate grammars of six of these dialects, viz. of *Alemannish, Bavarian, Frankish, Thuringian, Saxon, and Frisian*: and, in his great German grammar Jacob Grimm has been able to treat these, together with the Scandinavian tongues, as so many varieties of one common, primitive type of Teutonic speech.

But although, in the early days of German life, the Low and High German dialects were on terms of perfect equality, Low German has fallen back in the race, while High German has pressed forward with doubled speed. High German has become the language of literature,

and good society. It is taught in schools, preached in church, pleaded at the bar ; and, even in places where ordinary conversation is still carried on in Low German, High German is clearly intended to be the language of the future. At the time of Charlemagne this was not so, and one of the earliest literary monuments of the German language, the *Heliand*, i.e. the Saviour, is written in Saxon or Low German. The Saxon emperors, however, did little for German literature, while the Swabian emperors were proud of being the patrons of art and poetry. The language spoken at their court being High German, the ascendancy of that dialect may be said to date from their days, though it was not secured till the time of the Reformation, when the translation of the Bible by Luther put a firm and lasting stamp on the literary speech of Germany.

But language, even though deprived of literary cultivation, does not easily die. Though at present people write the same language all over Germany, the towns and villages teem everywhere with dialects, both High and Low. In Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, the Free Towns, and in Schleswig-Holstein, the lower orders speak their own German, generally called *Platt Deutsch*, and in many parts of Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, Ostfriesland, and Holstein, the higher ranks too cling in their every-day conversation to this more homely dialect. Children frequently speak two languages : High German at school, Low German at their games. The clergyman speaks High when he stands in the pulpit, but when he visits the poor he must address them in their own peculiar *Platt*. The lawyer pleads in the language of Schiller and Goethe ; but, when he examines his witnesses, he has frequently to condescend to the vulgar tongue. That vulgar tongue is constantly receding from the towns ; it is frightened away by railways—it is ashamed to show itself in parliament. But it is loved all the more by the people ; it appeals to their hearts, and it comes back naturally to all who have ever talked it together in their youth.

It is the same with the local patois of High German. Even where at school the correct High German is taught and spoken, as in Bavaria and Austria, each town still keeps its own patois, and the people fall back on it as soon as they are among themselves. When Maria Theresa went to the Burgtheater to announce to the people of Vienna the birth of a son and heir, she did not address them in high-flown literary German. She bent forward from her box, and called out : *Hörts, der Leopold hot én Buebá* (Hear, Leopold has a boy). In German comedies, characters from Berlin, Leipzig, and Vienna, are constantly introduced speaking their own local dialects. In Bavaria, Styria, and the Tyrol, much of the poetry of the people is written in their patois, and in some parts of Germany sermons even, and other religious tracts, continue to be published in the local vernaculars.

There are here and there a few enthusiastic champions of dialects, particularly of Low German, who still cherish a hope that High German may be thrown back, and Low German restored to its rights and former dominion. Yet, whatever may be thought of the relative excellencies of High and Low German—and in several points, no doubt, Low German has the advantage of High German—yet, practically, the battle between the two is decided, and cannot now be renewed. The national language of Germany, whether in the South or the North, will always be the German of Luther, Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. This, however, is no reason why the dialects, whether of Low or High German, should be despised or banished. Dialects are everywhere the feeders of literary languages, and an attempt to destroy them, if it could succeed, would be like shutting up the tributaries of great rivers.

After these remarks it will be clear that, if people say that the inhabitants of Schleswig-Holstein do not speak German, there is some truth in such a statement—at least just enough of truth to conceal the truth. It might be said, with equal correctness, that the people



of Lancashire do not speak English. But, if from this a conclusion is to be drawn that the Schleswig-Holsteiners, speaking this miserable dialect, which is neither German nor Danish, might as well have been taught in Danish as in German, this is not quite correct, and would deceive few if it were adduced as an argument for introducing French instead of English in the national schools of Lancashire.

The Schleswig-Holsteiners have their own dialect, and cling to it as they cling to many things which, in other parts of Germany, have been discarded as old-fashioned and useless. *Oll Knust hölt Hus*, stale bread lasts longest, is one of their proverbs. But they read their Bible in High German; they write their newspapers in High German, and it is in High German that their children are taught, and their sermons preached in every town and in every village. It is but lately that Low German has been taken up again by Schleswig-Holstein poets, and some of their poems, though intended originally for their own people only, have been read with delight, even by those who had to spell them out with the help of a dictionary and a grammar. This kind of home-spun poetry is a sign of healthy national life. Like the songs of Burns, in Scotland, the poems of Klaus Groth and others, reveal to us, more than anything else, the real thoughts and feelings, the everyday cares and occupations of the people whom they represent, and to whose approval alone they appeal. But as Scotland, proud as she well may be of her Burns, has produced some of the best writers of English, Schleswig-Holstein, too, small as it is in comparison with Scotland, counts among its sons some illustrious names in German literature. Niebuhr, the great traveller, and Niebuhr, the great historian, were both Schleswig-Holsteiners, though during their lifetime that name had not yet assumed the political meaning in which it is now used. Karsten Niebuhr, the traveller, was a Hanoverian by birth; but, having early entered the Danish service, he was attached to a scientific

mission sent by King Frederick V. to Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, in 1760. All the other members of that mission having died, it was left to Niebuhr, after his return in 1767, to publish the results of his own observations and of those of his companions. His "Description of Arabia," and his "Travels in Arabia and the adjoining Countries," though published nearly a hundred years ago, are still quoted with respect, and their accuracy has hardly ever been challenged. Niebuhr spent the rest of his life as a kind of collector and magistrate at Meldorf, a small town of between two and three thousand inhabitants, in Dithmarschen. He is described as a square and powerful man, who lived to a good old age, and who, even when he had lost his eyesight, used to delight his family and a large circle of friends, by telling them of the adventures in his oriental travels, of the starry nights of the desert, and of the bright moonlight of Egypt, where, riding on his camel, he could, from his saddle, recognise every plant that was growing on the ground. Nor were the listeners that gathered round him unworthy of the old traveller. Like many a small German town, Meldorf, the home of Niebuhr, had a society consisting of a few government officials, clergymen, and masters at the public school; most of them men of cultivated mind, and quite capable of appreciating a man of Niebuhr's powers. Even the peasants there were not the mere clods of other parts of Germany. They were a well-to-do race, and by no means illiterate. Their sons received at the Gymnasium of Meldorf a classical education, and they were able to mix with ease and freedom in the society of their betters. The most hospitable house at Meldorf was that of Boie, the High Sheriff of Dithmarschen. He had formerly, at Göttingen, been the life and soul of a circle of friends who have become famous in the history of German literature, under the name of "Hainbund." That "Hainbund" or Grove-Club, included Bürger, the author of *Lenore*; Voss, the translator of Homer; the Counts Stolberg, Hölty, and others. With Goethe,

too, Boie had been on terms of intimacy, and when, in after life, he settled down at Meldorf, many of his old friends, his brother-in-law Voss, Count Stolberg, Claudius, and others, came to see him and his illustrious townsman, Niebuhr. Many a seed was sown there, many small germs began to ripen in that remote town of Meldorf, which are yielding fruit at the present day, not in Germany only, but here in England. The sons of Boie, fired by the descriptions of the blind traveller, followed his example, and became distinguished as explorers and discoverers in natural history. Niebuhr's son, young Barthold, soon attracted the attention of all who came to see his father, particularly of Voss; and he was enabled, by their help and advice, to lay, in early youth, that foundation of solid learning which fitted him, in the intervals of his chequered life, to become the founder of a new era in the study of Ancient History. And how curious the threads which bind together the destinies of men! how marvellous the rays of light which, emanating from the most distant centres, cross each other in their onward course, and give their own peculiar colouring to characters apparently original and independent! We have read, of late, in the Confessions of a modern St. Augustine, how the last stroke that severed his connexion with the Church of England, was the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric. But for that event, Dr. Newman might now be a bishop, and his friends a strong party in the Church of England. Well, that Jerusalem Bishopric owes something to Meldorf. The young schoolboy of Meldorf was afterwards the private tutor and personal friend of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and he thus exercised an influence both on the political and the religious views of King Frederick William IV. He was likewise Prussian Ambassador at Rome, when Bunsen was there as a young scholar, struggling hard to maintain himself by private lessons. Niebuhr became the friend and patron of Bunsen, and Bunsen became his successor in the Prussian Embassy at Rome. It is well known that the Jerusalem

Bishopric was a long-cherished plan of the King of Prussia, Niebuhr's pupil, and that the Bill for the establishment of a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem was carried chiefly through the personal influence of Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr. Thus we see how all things are working together for good or for evil, though we little know of the grains of dust that are carried along from all quarters of the globe, to tell like infinitesimal weights in the scales that decide hereafter the judgment of individuals and the fate of nations.

If Holstein, and more particularly Ditmarschen, of which Meldorf had in former days been the capital, may claim some share in Niebuhr the historian—if he himself, as the readers of his history are well aware, is fond of explaining the social and political institutions of Rome by references to what he had seen or heard of the little republic of Ditmarschen—it is certainly a curious coincidence that the only worthy successor of Niebuhr, in the field of Roman history, *Theodore Mommsen*, is likewise a native of Schleswig. His history of Rome, though it did not produce so complete a revolution as the work of Niebuhr, stands higher as a work of art. It contains the results of Niebuhr's critical researches, sifted and carried on by a most careful and thoughtful disciple. It is, in many respects, a most remarkable work, particularly in Germany. The fact that it is readable, and has become a popular book, has excited the wrath of many critics, who evidently consider it below the dignity of a learned professor that he should digest his knowledge, and give to the world, not all and everything he has accumulated in his note-books, but only what he considers really important and worth knowing. The fact, again, that he does not load his pages with references and learned notes, has been treated like a *crimen læsæ majestatis*; and yet, with all the clamour and clatter that has been raised, few authors have had so little to alter or rectify in their later editions as Mommsen. To have produced two such scholars, his-

torians, and statesmen, as Niebuhr and Mommsen, would be an honour to any kingdom in Germany: how much more to the small duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, in which we have been told so often that nothing is spoken but Danish and some vulgar dialects of Low German.

Well, even those vulgar dialects of Low German, and the poems and novels that have been written in them by true Schleswig-Holsteiners, are well worth a moment's consideration. In looking at their language, an Englishman at once discovers a number of old acquaintances: words which he would look for in vain in Schiller or Goethe. We shall mention a few.

*Black* means black; in High German it would be *schwarz*. *De black* is the black horse; *black up wit* is black on white; *gif mek kil un blak*, give me quill and ink. *Blid* is *blithe*, instead of the High German *mild*. *Bottervogel*, or *botterhahn*, or *botterhex*, is *butterfly*, instead of *Schmetterling*. It is a common superstition in the North of Germany, that one ought to mark the first butterfly one sees in spring. A white one betokens mourning, a yellow one a christening, a variegated one a wedding. *Bregen* or *brehm* is used instead of the High German *Gehirn*; it is the English *brain*. People say of a very foolish person, that his brain is frozen, *de brehm is em verfrorn*. The peculiar English *but*, which has given so much trouble to grammarians and etymologists, exists in the Holstein *buten*, literally outside, the Dutch *buiten*, the Old Saxon *bi-ûtan*. *Buten* in German is a regular contraction, just as *binnen*, which means inside, within, during. *Heben* is the English heaven, while the common German name is *Himmel*. *Hückup* is a sigh, and no doubt the English hiccough. *Düsig* is dizzy; *talkig* is talkative.

There are some curious words, which, though they have a Low German look, are not to be found in English or Anglo-Saxon. Thus *plitsch*, which is used in Holstein in the sense of clever, turns out to be a corruption of *politisch*, i. e.

political. *Krüdsch* means particular or over nice; it is a corruption of *Kritisch*, critical. *Katolsch* means angry, mad, and is a corruption of *catholic*, i. e. Roman Catholic. *Kränsch* means plucky, and stands for *courageux*. *Fränsch*, i. e. frankish, means strange; *flämsch*, i. e. flemish, means sulky, and is used to form superlatives; *polsch*, i. e. polish, means wild. *Forsch* means strong and strength, and comes from the French *force*. *Klür* is a corruption of *couleur*, and *Kunkelfusen* stands for confusion or fibs.

Some idiomatic and proverbial expressions, too, deserve to be noted. Instead of saying the sun has set, the Holsteiners, fond as they are of their beer, particularly in the evening after a hard day's work, say *de Sün'n geiht to Beer*, the sun goes to beer. If you ask in the country how far it is to some town or village, a peasant will answer, 'n *Hunnblaff*, a dog's bark, if it is quite close; or 'n *Pip Toback*, a pipe of tobacco, meaning about half an hour. Of a conceited fellow they say, "*hê hört de Flégn hosten*," he hears the flies coughing. If a man is full of great schemes, he is told "*In Gedanken jört de Bur ôk in't Kutsch*," in thought the peasant, too, drives in a coach. A man who boasts is asked, "*Pracher! häst ôk Lüs oder schuppst di man so?*" Braggart! have you really lice, or do you only thus scratch yourself?"

"*Holstein singt nicht*," Holstein does not sing, is a curious proverb, and, if it is meant to express the absence of popular poetry in that country, it would be easy to convict it of falsehood by a list of poets whose works, though unknown to fame beyond the limits of their own country, are cherished, and deservedly cherished, by their own countrymen. The best known among the Holstein poets is *Klaus Groth*, whose poems, published under the title of *Quickborn*, i. e. quick bourn, or living spring, show that there is a well of true poetical feeling in that country, and that its strains are all the more delicious and refreshing if they bubble up in the native accent of the country. *Klaus Groth*

was born in 1819. He was the son of a miller, and, though he was sent to school, he had frequently to work in the field in summer, and make himself generally useful. Like many Schleswig-Holsteiners, he showed a decided talent for mathematics; but, before he was sixteen, he had to earn his bread, and work as a clerk in the office of a local magistrate. His leisure hours were devoted to various studies; German, Danish, music, psychology, successively engaged his attention. In his nineteenth year he went to the seminary at Tondern to prepare himself to become a schoolmaster. There he studied Latin, French, Swedish; and, after three years, was appointed teacher at a girls' school. Though he had to give forty-three lessons a week, he found time to continue his own reading, and he acquired a knowledge of English, Dutch, Icelandic, and Italian. At last, however, his health gave way,

and in 1847 he was obliged to resign his place. During his illness his poetical talent, which he himself had never trusted, became a source of comfort to himself and to his friends, and the warm reception which greeted the first edition of his *Quickborn* made him what he was meant to be, the poet of Schleswig-Holstein.

His political poems are few; and, though a true Schleswig-Holsteiner at heart, he has always declined to fight with his pen when he could not fight with his sword. In the beginning of this year, however, he published "Five songs for singing and praying," which, though they fail to give an adequate idea of his power as a poet, may be of interest as showing the deep feelings of the people in their struggle for independence. The text will be easily intelligible with the help of a literal English translation.

#### DUTSCHE EHR AND DUTSCHE EER.—GERMAN HONOUR AND GERMAN EARTH.

##### I.

Frühling, 1848.

Dar keemn Soldaten sower de Elf,  
Hurrah, hurrah, na't Norn!  
Se keemn so dicht as Wagg an Wagg,  
Un as en Koppel vull Korn.

Gundag, Soldaten! wo kamt jü her?  
Vun alle Borgen de Krüz un Quer,  
Ut dütschen Landen na't dütsche Meer—  
So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

Wat liggt so eben as weert de See?  
Wat schint so gel as Gold?  
Dat is de Marschen er Saat un Staat,  
Dat is de Holsten er Stoet.

Gundag jü Holsten op dütsche Eer!  
Gundag jü Friesen ant dütsche Meer!  
To leben un starben ver dütsche Ehr—  
So wannert un treckt dat Heer.

##### II.

Sommer, 1851.

Dat treckt so trurig sower de Elf,  
In Tritt un Schritt so swar—  
De Swalw de wannert, de Hatbar treckt—  
Se kamt wedder to tokum Jahr.

Ade, ade, du dütsches Heer!  
"Ade, ade, du Holsten meer!  
Ade op Hoffen un Wiederkehr!"  
Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

##### I.

Spring, 1848.

There came soldiers across the Elbe,  
Hurrah, hurrah, to the North!  
They came as thick as wave on wave,  
And like a field full of corn.

Good day, soldiers! whence do you come?  
From all the hills on the right and left,  
From German lands to the German sea—  
Thus wanders and marches the host.

What lies so still as it were the sea?  
What shines so yellow as gold?  
The splendid fields of the Marshes they are,  
The pride of the Holsten race.

Good day, ye Holsten, on German soil!  
Good day, ye Friesians, on the German sea!  
To live and to die for German honour—  
Thus wanders and marches the host.

##### II.

Summer, 1851.

They march so sad across the Elbe,  
So heavy, step by step—  
The swallow wanders, the stork departs—  
They come back in the year to come.

Adieu, adieu, thou German host!  
"Adieu, adieu, thou Holsten sea!"  
Adieu, in hope, and to meet again!"  
We mourn alone by the sea.

De Storch kumt wedder, de Swalw de singt.  
So fröhlich as all tover—  
Wann kumt de dütsche Adler un bringt  
Di wedder, du dütsche Ehr !

Wak op du Floth, wak op du Meer !  
Wak op du Dunner, un weck de Eer !  
Wi sitt op Hæpen an Wedderkehr—  
Wi truert alleen ant Meer.

III.

Winter, 1863.

Dar kumt en Brusen as Væjårswind,  
Dat dreht as wær dat de Floth.—  
Will't Fröhjahr kamen to Wihnachtstid ?  
Hölpt Gott uns sül'b'n inne Noth ?

Vun alle Barga de Krüz un Quer  
Dar is dat wedder dat dütsche Heer !  
Dat gelt op Nu oder Nimmermehr !  
So rett se, de dütsche Ehr !

Wi hört den Adler, he kumt, he kumt !  
Noch eenmal hæpt wi un harrt !  
Is't Friheit endlich, de he uns bringt ?  
Is't Wahrheit, wat der ut ward ?

Sunst hölp uns Himmel, nu geit't ni mehr !  
Hölp du, un bring uns den Herzog her !  
Denn wüllt wi starben vær dütsche Ehr !  
Denn begravt uns in dütsche Eer !

30 Dec. 1863.

It is not, however, in war songs or political invective that the poetical genius of Klaus Groth shows to advantage. His proper sphere is the quiet idyll, a truthful and thoughtful description of nature, a reproduction of the simplest and deepest feelings of the human heart, and all this in the homely, honest, and heartfelt language of his own "Platt Deutsch." That the example of Burns has told on Groth—that the poetry of the Scotch poet has inspired and inspirited the poet of Schleswig-Holstein

The stork comes back, the swallow sings  
As blithe as ever before—  
When will the German eagle return,  
And bring thee back, thou German honour !

Wake up thou flood, wake up thou sea !  
Wake up thou thunder, and rouse the land !  
We are sitting in hope to meet again—  
We mourn alone by the sea.

III.

Winter, 1863.

There comes a blast like winter storm ;  
It roars as it were the flood.—  
Is the spring coming at Christmas-tide ?  
Does God himself help us in our need ?

From all the hills on the right and left,  
There again comes the German host !  
Is it to be now or never !  
Oh, save the German honour !

We hear the eagle, he comes, he comes !  
Once more we hope and wait !  
Is it freedom at last he brings to us ?  
Is it truth what comes from thence ?

Else Heaven help us, now it goes no more !  
Help thou, and bring us our Duke !  
Then will we die for German honour !  
Then bury us in German earth !

Dec. 30, 1863.

—is not to be denied. But to imitate Burns and to imitate him successfully, is no mean achievement, and Groth would be the last man to disown his master. The poem "Min Jehann" might have been written by Burns. I shall give a free metrical translation of it, but should advise the reader to try to spell out the original, for much of its charm lies in its native form, and to turn Groth even into High German destroys his beauty as much as when Burns is translated into English.

MIN JEHAHN.—MY JOHN.

Ik wull, wi wehrn noch kleen, Jehann,  
Do wehr de Welt so grot !  
We seten op den Steen, Jehann,  
Weest noch ? by Nawers Soot.  
An Heben seil de stille Maan,  
Wi seegen, wa he leep,  
Un snacken, wa de Himmel hoch,  
Un wa de Soot will deep.

Weest noch, wa still dat wehr, Jehann ?  
Dar röhr keen Blatt an Boem,  
So is dat nu ni mehr, Jehann,  
As höchstens noch in Droom.

I wish we still were little, John,  
The world was then so wide !  
When on the stone by neighbour's bourn  
We rested side by side.  
We saw the moon in silver veiled  
Sail silent through the sky,  
Our thoughts were deeper than the  
bourn,  
And as the heavens high.

You know how still it was then, John ;  
All nature seemed at rest ;  
So is it now no longer, John,  
Or in our dreams at best !



Och ne, wenn da de Scheeper sung—  
 Alleen—in't wide Feld—  
 Ni wahr, Jehann ! dat wehr en Ton—  
 De cenzige op de Welt.

Mitünner inne Schummertind  
 Denn ward mi so to Mood,  
 Denn löppt mi't langs den Rügg so hitt,  
 As domals bi den Soot.  
 Den dreih ik mi so hasti um,  
 As wehr ik nich alleen—  
 Doch Allens, wat ik finn, Jehann,  
 Dat is—ik stah un ween.

The next poem is a little popular ballad, relating a tradition, very common on the northern coast of Germany, both east and west of the peninsula, of islands swallowed by the sea, their spires, pinnacles, and roofs being on certain days still visible, and their bells audible, below the waves. One of

Oh, when the shepherd boy then sang  
 Alone o'er all the plain,  
 Aye, John, you know, that was a sound  
 We ne'er shall hear again.

Sometimes now, John, the eventides  
 The self-same feelings bring,  
 My pulses beat as loud and strong  
 As then beside the spring.  
 And then I turn afrighted round,  
 Some stranger to descry—  
 But nothing can I see then, John—  
 I am alone and cry.

these islands was called *Büsen*, or *Old Büsum*, and is supposed to have been situated opposite the village now called Büsen, on the west coast of Dithmarschen. Strange to say, the inhabitants of that island, in spite of their tragic fate, are represented rather in a comical light, as the Boeotians of Holstein.

#### WAT SIK DAT VOLK VERTELT.—WHAT THE PEOPLE TELL.

##### *Ol Büsum.*

Ol Büsen liggt int wille Haff,  
 De Floth de kehm un wöhl en Graff.  
 De Floth de kehm un spöhl un spöhl,  
 Bet se de Insel ünner wöhl.  
 Dar blev keen Steen, dar blev keen Pahl,  
 Dat Water schæl dat all hendal,  
 Dar wehr keen Beest, dar wehr keen Hund,  
 De liegt nu all in depen Grund,  
 Un Allens, wat der lev un lach,  
 Dat deekt de See mit deepe Nach.  
 Mitünner in de holle Ebb  
 So süht man vunne Hüs' de Köpp,  
 Denn dukkt de Thorn herut ut Sand,  
 As wehr't en Finger vun en Hand.  
 Denn hört man sach de Klocken kling',  
 Denn hört man sach de Kanter sing',  
 Denn geiht dat isen dær de Luft :  
 "Begrabt den Leib in seine Gruft."

In the Baltic, too, similar traditions are current of sunken islands and towns buried in the sea, which are believed to be visible at certain times. The most famous tradition is that of the ancient town of Vineta—once, it is said, the greatest emporium in the north of Europe—several times destroyed and built up again, till, in 1183, it was upheaved by an earthquake and swallowed by a

##### *Old Büsum.*

Old Büsen sank into the waves ;  
 The sea has made full many graves ;  
 The flood came near and washed around,  
 Until the rock to dust was ground.  
 No stone remained, no belfry steep ;  
 They sank into the waters deep.  
 There was no beast, there was no hound ;  
 They all were carried to the ground.  
 And all that lived and laughed around  
 The sea now holds in gloom profound.  
 At times, when low the water falls,  
 The sailor sees the broken walls ;  
 The church tow'r peeps from out the sand,  
 Like to the finger of a hand.  
 Then hears one low the church bells ringing,  
 Then hears one low the sexton singing ;  
 A chant is carried by the gust :—  
 "Give earth to earth, and dust to dust."

flood. The ruins of Vineta are believed to be visible between the coast of Pomerania and the island of Rügen. This tradition has suggested one of Wilhelm Müller's—my father's—lyrical songs, published in his "Stones and Shells from the island of Rügen," 1825, of which I am able to give an excellent translation by Mr. J. A. Froude.

#### VINETA.—VINETA.

##### I.

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
 Klingen Abendklocken dämpf und matt,  
 Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde  
 Von der schönen alten Wunderstadt.

##### I.

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,  
 Far off evening-bells come sad and slow ;  
 Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing  
 Of the old enchanted town below.

II.

In der Fluthen Schooss hinabgesunken  
Bleiben unten ihre Trümmer stehn,  
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken  
Wiederscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

III.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer  
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,  
Nach derselben Stelle schiff er immer,  
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

IV.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und matt:  
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde  
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

V.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,  
Ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,  
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken  
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

VI.

Und dann möcht' ich tauchen in die Tiefen,  
Mich versenken in den Widerschein,  
Und mir ist als ob mich Engel riefen  
In die alte Wunderstadt herein.

I wish I could add one of Klaus Groth's tales (*Vertells*, as he calls them), which give the most truthful description of all the minute details of life in Dithmarschen, and bring the peculiar character of the country and of its inhabitants vividly before the eyes of the reader. But, short as they are, even the shortest of them would fill more pages than could here be spared for Schleswig-Holstein. I shall, therefore, conclude this sketch with a tale which has no author—a simple tale from one of the local Holstein newspapers. It came to me in a heap of other papers, flysheets, pamphlets, and books, till she shone like a diamond in a heap of rubbish; and, as the tale of "The Old Woman of Schleswig-Holstein," it may help to give to many who have been unjust to the inhabitants of the Duchies some truer idea of the stuff there is in that staunch and sterling race to which England owes its language, its best blood, and its honoured name.

When the war against Denmark began again in the winter of 1863, offices were opened in the principal towns of Germany for collecting charitable con-

II.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,  
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,  
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,  
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

III.

And the Boatman who at twilight hour  
Once that magic vision shall have seen,  
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,  
Evermore will haunt the charmed scene.

IV.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,  
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,  
Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing  
Of the drowned wreck of love below.

V.

There a world in loveliness decaying  
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;  
Phantom forms across my senses playing,  
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

VI.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,  
And I long to plunge and wander free,  
Where I hear the angel-voices singing  
In those ancient towers below the sea.

tributions. At Hamburg, Messrs. L. and K. had set apart a large room for receiving lint, linen, and warm clothing, or small sums of money. One day, about Christmas, a poorly clad woman from the country stepped in and inquired, in the pure Holstein dialect, whether contributions were received here for Schleswig-Holstein. The clerk showed her to a table covered with linen rags and such like articles. But she turned away and pulled out an old leather purse, and, taking out pieces of money, began to count aloud on the counter: "One mark, two marks, three marks," till she had finished her ten marks. "That makes ten marks," she said, and shoved the little pile away. The clerk, who had watched the poor old woman while she was arranging her small copper and silver coins, asked her: "From whom does the money come?"

"From me," she said, and began counting again, "One mark, two marks, three marks." Thus she went on emptying her purse, till she had counted out ten small heaps of coin, of ten marks each. Then, counting each heap once over again, she said: "These are my hundred

marks for Schleswig Holstein; be so good as to send them to the soldiers."

While the old peasant woman was doing her sums, several persons had gathered round her; and, as she was leaving the shop, she was asked again in a tone of surprise from whom the money came.

"From me," she said; and, observing that she was closely scanned, she turned back, and, looking the man full in the face, she added, smiling: "It is all honest money; it won't hurt the good cause."

The clerk assured her that no one had doubted her honesty, but that she herself had, no doubt, often known want, and that it was hardly right to let her contribute so large a sum, probably the whole of her savings.

The old woman remained silent for a time, but, after she had quietly examined the faces of all present, she said: "Surely it concerns no one how I got the money. Many a thought passed through my heart while I was counting that money. You would not ask me to tell you all? But you are kind gentlemen, and you take much trouble for us poor people. So I'll tell you whence the money came. Yes, I have known want; food has been scarce with me many a day, and it will be so again, as I grow older. But our gracious Lord watches over us. He has helped me to bear the troubles which He sent. He will never forsake me. My husband has been dead this many and many a year. I had one only son; and my John was a fine stout fellow, and he worked hard, and he would not leave his old mother. He made my home snug and comfortable. Then came the war with the Danes. All his friends joined the army; but the only son of a widow, you know, is free. So he remained at home, and no one said to him, 'Come along with us,' for they knew that he was a brave boy, and that it broke his very heart to stay behind. I knew it all. I watched him when the people talked of the war, or when the schoolmaster brought the newspaper. Ah, how he turned pale and red, and how he looked away, and thought his old mother did not see it. But he

said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. Gracious God, who could have thought that it was so hard to drive our oppressors out of the land? Then came the news from Fredericia! That was a dreadful night. We sat in silence opposite each other. We knew what was in our hearts, and we hardly dared to look at each other. Suddenly he rose and took my hand, and said, 'Mother!'—God be praised, I had strength in that moment—'John,' I said, 'our time has come; go in God's name. I know how thou lovest me, and what thou hast suffered. God knows what shall become of me if I am left quite alone, but our Lord Jesus Christ will forsake neither thee nor me.' John enlisted as a volunteer. The day of parting came. Ah, I am making a long story of it all! John stood before me in his new uniform. 'Mother,' he said, 'one request before we part—if it is to be—' 'John,' I said to him, 'I know what thou meanest—Oh, I shall weep, I shall weep very much when I am alone; but my time will come, and we shall meet again in the day of our Lord, John! and the land shall be free, John! the land shall be free!'"

Heavy tears stood in the poor old woman's eyes as she repeated her sad tale; but she soon collected herself, and continued: "I did not think then it would be so hard. The heart always hopes even against hope. But for all that"—and here the old woman drew herself up, and looked at us like a queen—"I have never regretted that I bade him go. Then came dreadful days; but the most dreadful of all was when we read that the Germans had betrayed the land, and that they had given up our land with all our dead to the Danes! Then I called on the Lord and said, 'Oh Lord, my God, how is that possible? Why lettest thou the wicked triumph and allowest the just to perish?' And I was told, that the Germans were sorry for what they had done, but that they could not help it. But that, gentlemen, I could never understand. We should never do wrong, nor allow wrong to be done. And, therefore, I thought, it

cannot always remain so; our good Lord knows His own good time, and in His own good time He will come and deliver us. And I prayed every evening that our gracious Lord would permit me to see that day when the land should be free, and our dear dead should sleep no more in Danish soil. And, as I had no other son against that day, I saved every year what I could save, and on every Christmas Eve I placed it before me on a table, where, in former years, I had always placed a small present for my John, and I said in my heart, 'The war will come again, and the land will be free, and thou shalt sleep in a free grave, my only son, my John!' And now, gentlemen, the poor old woman has been told that the day has come, and that her prayer has been heard, and that the war will begin again; and that is why she has brought her money, the money she saved for her son. Good

morning, gentlemen," she said, and was going quickly away.

But, before she had left the room, an old gentleman said, loud enough for her to hear, "Poor body! I hope she may not be deceived."

"Ah," said the old woman, turning back, "I know what you mean; I have been told all is not right yet. But have faith, men! the wicked cannot prevail against the just; man cannot prevail against the Lord. Hold to that, gentlemen; hold fast together, gentlemen! This very day I—begin to save up again."

Bless her, good old soul! And, if Odin were still looking out of his window in the sky as of yore, when he granted victory to the women of the Lombards, might he not say even now:—

"When women are heroes,  
What must the men be like?  
Theirs is the victory;  
No need of me."

## DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

### DR. CHALMERS—PART II: HIS MIDDLE LIFE.

FROM the year 1801-2—at which I left Chalmers, in the flush of his glorious youth, with some extraordinary future evidently before him, but its nature then undetermined—I overleap at once a period of twenty years. Alighting on his career again, about the year 1821-2, I find him then, in the full manhood of forty-two, in a position definite enough—the greatest pulpit-orator, beyond all comparison, in Scotland, and with a fame, on this and other grounds, which had gone over the whole of Britain. The place of his residence, astir from week to week with the immediate excitement of his oratory and proud of so far-famed and far-flashing a possession, was the city of Glasgow. In 1815, Chalmers, at the age of thirty-five, had, by the choice of the Town Council of Glasgow,

become minister of the Tron parish in that city, containing a population of about 11,000 souls; and he remained in Glasgow till 1823, or eight years in all—for the first four (1815-1819) as minister of this Tron parish, and for the last four (1819-1823) as minister of a new parish, called St. John's, formed almost expressly on his account in the poorest part of the city, and containing a population of over 10,000 persons, mostly of the operative class. Within a few months after his arrival in Glasgow, the degree of D.D. had been conferred on him by the University of the city, so that from 1816 to his death he was known as Dr. Chalmers—the additional honours conferred upon him from time to time, such as the corresponding membership of the French Institute in 1834,

and the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1835, making no difference in his designation. I have chosen the year 1821-2, when he was in the middle of his incumbency in St. John's parish, and when Edward Irving was his assistant there, as the particular year in which to observe him ; but I shall range, in this paper, over the whole eight years of his Glasgow popularity. ¶

Popularity ! yes, let me keep the word, and take the risk of whatever disagreeable associations it is apt to call up. For those eight years of his life he was thought of and spoken of as Dr. Chalmers, the famous popular preacher. That the reader may have an idea, however, of the exact nature of his reputation in this character, and of the altogether unusual respect accorded to him, not only by the city in which he dwelt, but by the most cultivated and critical opinion of the time, comparing him with the most eminent of his Scottish or even British contemporaries of all kinds whatsoever, I will quote from a witness not likely to be suspected of partiality or exaggeration in the case. In the year 1819, there was published, anonymously, by the late Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, then a young man of five-and-twenty, fresh from Oxford and his travels in Germany, and beginning his peculiar literary career in Edinburgh, a book in three volumes, called *Peter's Letters to his Kingsfolk*. It is a whimsical kind of description, with much satire intermingled, of Scotland and its notabilities of that day, in the guise of letters from a certain Peter Morris, of Pensharpe Hall, Aberystwith, to his friend and fellow-Welshman, the Rev. David Williams. Among the persons described in it are Scott, Dugald Stewart, Jeffrey, Leslie, Playfair, and most of the other Edinburgh lions of five-and-thirty years ago. Rough portraits of some of them (after pen-and-ink sketches by Lockhart himself, as I suppose) are introduced to assist the text. But Peter makes a run to Glasgow ; and none of his descriptions of the Edinburgh men is half so enthusiastic as that which he thence sends to his correspondent of the famous Dr. Chalmers :—

"Yesterday, being Sunday, I threw myself into the midst of one of those overwhelming streams [of Glasgow people going to church], and allowed myself to float on its swelling waves to the church of the most celebrated preacher in this place, or rather, I should say, the most celebrated preacher of the day in the whole of Scotland—Dr. Chalmers. I had heard so much of this remarkable man in Edinburgh that my curiosity in regard to him had been wound up to a high pitch, even before I found myself in the midst of this population, to which his extraordinary character and genius furnish by far the greatest object of interest and attention. . . . I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance ; for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment did not reveal anything like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By-and-by, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutie of his face pretty leisurely while he leant forward and read the words of the psalm—for that is always done in Scotland, not by the clerk, but by the clergyman himself. At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one ; but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large, half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheekbones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness that conveys any idea rather than that of dullness, but which contrasts, in a wonderful manner, with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets and illuminated into all their flame and fervour in some moment of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is perhaps the most singular part of the whole visage ; and, indeed, it presents a mixture so very singular of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I have ever met with—being far wider across the eyebrows than either Mr. Playfair's or Mr. Leslie's ; and having the eyebrows themselves lifted up at their extreme ends quite out of the usual line—a peculiarity which Spurzheim



had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical and calculating geniuses. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which, in the heads of most mathematical persons, is surmounted by no fine points of organization whatever—immediately above this, in the forehead of Dr. Chalmers, there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly in a style to which the heads of very few poets present anything comparable; while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself, and such as in living men I have never beheld equalled in any but the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples. . . . Never perhaps did the world possess any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first and the second and the third excellence of his oratory more truly than is that of Dr. Chalmers. And yet, were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these, his lesser peculiarities, would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial—distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearers leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But, of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him, armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence and swaying all round him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawing key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence and from paragraph to paragraph while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. But then with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings. . . . I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style. But, most unquestionably, I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his. He does all this, too, without having

recourse for a moment to the vulgar arts of common pulpit enthusiasm. He does it entirely and proudly by the sheer pith of his most original mind, clothing itself in a bold magnificence of language as original in structure, as nervous in the midst of its overflowing richness, as itself. He has a wonderful talent for ratiocination, and possesses, besides, an imagination both fertile and distinct, which gives all richness of colour to his style and supplies his argument with every diversity of illustration. In presence of such a spirit subjection is a triumph; and I was proud to feel my hardened nerves creep and vibrate, and my blood freeze and boil, when he spoke, as they were wont to do in the early innocent years when unquestioning enthusiasm had as yet caught no lessons of chillness from the jealousies of discernment, the delights of comparison, and the example of the unimaginative world."

The late Mr. Lockhart was not one who was given to overpraise people. On the contrary, in his later life, if all tales are true, he was as remarkable a representative as it would have been easy to find of that Mephistophelic frame of mind and temper, one of the chief characteristics of which it is to act on the rule which is said to have been once given by Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "Junius," to a too generous young member of Parliament,—“My young friend, let me, as an old man of the world, give you one bit of advice: never praise anybody, unless it be *in odium tertii*, to the discredit of some third party.” At twenty-five Lockhart had not, perhaps, attained to this blessed temper—on which account what he wrote then may, if the reader pleases, have the less weight. But he was considerably of a scorpion even then, as the early numbers of *Blackwood* can attest; and, when it is remembered that at that time he had seen and conversed with a large number of the most eminent men both of this country and of the continent, Goethe himself included, his making so much of Chalmers can hardly be set down to the raw provincialism which overestimates objects near it from a deficiency of others with which to compare them. In short, it is impossible that Lockhart could have taken so much pains in his description of the famous Glasgow preacher, bothering

people with all those phrenological and other particulars about him, and inserting also an engraved portrait the better to show what he was like—a queer moony sort of caricature it is, but worth looking at as a curiosity—unless, in his opinion, and in that of pretty good critics round about him, this famous Glasgow preacher was a phenomenon of a far higher order, and more worthy of universal attention, than famous preachers in general. And this accords with the whole tradition respecting Chalmers from those days. Pages could be filled with extracts giving accounts of his oratory, and the extraordinary scenes which the Tron Church or St. John's Church presented on Sundays, and sometimes on week-days, when he preached—the space crammed to oversurging with the habitual congregation, and with Glasgow merchants, students, and other casual visitors mingled with it; the breathless attention from the first; the increasing agitation of soul and nerve in the vast audience as the discourse went on, and the preacher, after one paragraph in which it seemed that voice, gesture, and the power of thought impassioned had done their utmost, only recoiled to be “at it again” in another paragraph swelling to a burst still more tremendous, beyond which again there was yet paragraph after paragraph of phrensy over-topping phrensy, till at last, nerve and soul over-wrought by such a succession of thrills, there would be the break-down of numbers in tears, or some would start up uncontrollably, or there would run through the entire multitude a simultaneous sigh, or all but cry, of relief. This, and all the rest of it, may be read over and over again in contemporaneous accounts. The oratory of Chalmers, while always massively and originally intellectual, was somehow of universal fitness; it took effect alike on rich and poor, on cultured and on uncultured hearers. In this respect there was then a contrast between him and his assistant, Edward Irving, the full magnificence of whose oratory was not revealed till a year or two later, when it took London by storm, but who was already known

as a man of strange genius and a noble coadjutor to Chalmers both in the parish and the pulpit of St. John's. Once, I remember, Chalmers, referring to this contrast between himself and Irving at the time when they stood thus related to each other, expressed it, in his manly way, in some such manner as this: “There seem to be two kinds of attraction possessed and exercised by men. Some work upon their fellows by a general kind of power, like the attraction of gravitation—they affect universally; they draw things of all sorts to them—bricks, stones, or anything. Others affect by a more special kind of power, like the attraction of magnetism; they don't draw all things to them indiscriminately, but only certain things that are in peculiar affinity with them—the steel and iron, you know. Edward Irving in Glasgow was a man attracting in this magnetic way. This kind of attraction is very powerful, and will beat the other sometimes. I remember one old woman in a red cloak, who used to sit on the pulpit-stairs of St. John's church. When I preached she was pleased enough, poor body; but I was nothing to her compared with Irving. She adored *him*. I have no doubt she got something out of Irving that I could not give her. Do you know, I think that old woman in the red cloak was magnetically related to Irving.” Although Chalmers did not positively cite himself as an example of one exercising the more general power of attraction, it was clear that he implied this.<sup>1</sup> And it was true. Wherever he

<sup>1</sup> I find that, as usual, this notion of the two kinds of attraction among men was one which Chalmers carried about with him ready-made. In a small volume of privately-printed recollections of Dr. Chalmers, Wilberforce, and others, by the late Joseph John Gurney, the eminent banker, there is an account of a conversation in 1830, in which, Irving having been mentioned, Chalmers said, “When Irving was associated with me in Glasgow he did not attract a large congregation; but he completely attached to himself and to his ministry a limited number of persons with whose minds his own was in affinity. I have often observed this effect produced by men whose habits of thinking and feeling are peculiar or eccentric. They possess a *magnetic* attraction for minds assimilated to their own.” Mr. Gurney hav-

went, and whatever class of audiences he was addressing, he produced the same impression as upon the merchants and operatives of Glasgow. "I do not know what it is," said Jeffrey, after first hearing him in a speech at Edinburgh, in 1816, "but there is something altogether remarkable about that man: it reminds me more of what we read of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard." Chalmers had by this time paid visits to London, and there had been there the same flocking to hear him, and the same extraordinary *furor* about his preaching, in high circles, that afterwards attended Irving. How on earth his English audiences got over the bruising barbarism of his pronunciation is a mystery; but it is evident they did, and so easily as to have left hardly so much allusion to that particular as was to be expected in the records of these London visits. "All the world wild about Chalmers," says Wilberforce, in his Diary, in May, 1817; and again, under date Sunday the 25th, "Off early with Canning, Huskisson, and Lord Binning to the Scotch Church, London Wall, to hear Dr. Chalmers. Vast crowds—Bobus Smith, Lords Elgin, Harrowby, &c. I was surprised to see how Canning was affected; at times he was quite melted into tears." About the same time Sir James Mackintosh writes—"Canning told me that he was entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers; so is Bobus, whose conversion is thought the greatest proof of victory." To others Canning is said to have declared that he had "never been so arrested by any oratory," and to have used the phrase about Chalmers, "The tartan beats us all." All which is here quoted for the behoof of a generation that has grown up since the time of Chalmers, and knows nothing about him, and perhaps does not want to know anything, and to force upon them the fact that such a man did exist,

ing expressed his opinion that this kind of eccentric influence might be dangerous in religion, Chalmers replied, "Yes, truly—after all, *gravitation* is much better than *magnetism*." This is very characteristic.

and that, in his middle life, occupying the position of a famous Glasgow preacher, he had shown such transcendent qualities in that line, as to have risen far above all famous preachers in ordinary, and become a national celebrity even with men of intellect. It may please them to know, however, that there was at least one man who did not give in to the general fuss about Chalmers's oratory, but was cool and cynical on the subject. Chalmers's eldest brother, James, then settled in business in London, was a very excellent person, but of a morose and eccentric temper, so that we are always hearing of some new turn or other of his oddity in the family correspondence. Among his crotchets, one was that Scotchmen in London were the greatest bores in life, always coming about one, and speaking about Scotland, and expecting what they called hospitality. When his brother was in London in 1817, and the commotion about his preaching was naturally greatest among his own countrymen, this was all the more reason with James for keeping clear of the concern. Rather than be plunged into the Scottish element, he kept by himself the whole time, and never once went to hear his brother preach. Dr. Hanna shall tell the rest of the story,—“He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem coffee-house. ‘Well,’ said one of his merchant friends to him one day, ‘wholly ignorant of the relation-ship, have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours?’ ‘Yes,’ said James, somewhat drily, ‘I have heard him.’ ‘And what did you think of him?’ ‘Very little indeed,’ was the reply. ‘Dear me!’ said the astonished inquirer; ‘when did you hear him?’ ‘About half an hour after he was born.’”

Well now, as we look back, at this time of day, on all that commotion about Chalmers's oratory, may it not strike us that his cynical brother's estimate of the phenomenon was about right? Oratory, and, above all, pulpit-oratory, what is it

worth? All that about churches crammed to overflowing, about thousands hanging breathless on the orator's lips, about paragraph of eloquence succeeding paragraph, about the irrepressible buzz of admiration, the excitement of some to tears, the simultaneous sigh or shudder of relief—have we not heard of it over and over again till the repetition brings disgust? Or, if the oratory is secular, and there may be the cheering loud and long-continued, and, at grand moments, the starting of the whole assembly to their feet, and the tempest of shouting, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs for several minutes, during which the orator, &c.—do not we all know about this too, and is there more in it to any of us than in the recollection of whirls of dead leaves and shreds of paper in last year's wind? If any sensible man of the present day could choose the position he would occupy in life, and the character and function in which he would serve his fellows, would not his prayer be, as he looked round among those that are called orators, and saw what most of them are, and how little at best they accomplish, "Let me be anything—anything honest; but oh, if possible, not an orator!" I put the case thus strongly, because I should have no fear for the result of the inquiry as applied to Chalmers, whatever might be the preconceived opinion on the general question. At the period of his life with which we are now concerned, his reputation, as I have studiously represented it, *was* that of a famous popular preacher, a great pulpit-orator; and, all through his life, it was as the orator that he mainly figured, and by and through oratory, spoken or written, that he diffused himself through contemporary society and provided for the chances of some little residue of influence that might act, and be recognised as Chalmers's, after he was dead. Nature had built him on this model; and he had found it out rather reluctantly, and accepted his function, though not without a lingering wish that it had been some other. But what I am sure of is that in his case the function became a

grand one—that in him at least the oratorical mode of activity was exhibited to the world as equal to the highest other in Nature's own estimate of her kinds, and as capable of conveying the worthiest action of a great and noble personality. In him was shown, as I think, what has not been very often shown in the world—Nature's ideal (although incrustured with the accidents of Scottish place and circumstance) of what an orator might be. Nay, as I do not quite agree with the current depreciations of oratory, even where the instances are inferior, I will here venture on a little apology for Oratory and Orators in general, through which we may get a better hold of Chalmers on returning to him.

The current depreciation of Oratory and Orators arises partly from that *blasé* or fatigued habit of mind in our age which, finding vanity and vexation in all things whatever, is more especially cynical towards things that are showy and make a noise; but it is partly owing also to the fact that it is bad specimens that are thought of. If it is a secular oratory that is thought of, what are the sort of specimens that occur to the fancy or the memory? A great ranting fellow, perhaps, on a platform, mouthing out nonsense which he does not believe himself; or a fluent gentleman pouring forth a stream of limpid commonplace; or, perhaps, some person whom you know to be a man of real intelligence and sincerity, but who, in the stress of the conditions of speaking to a large audience, is driven to a kind of intellectual falsetto, and, escaping the moderation of his real ideas, helps himself wildly to phrases and clap-traps; or, at best, some man of whom you can say that he speaks on the whole well and powerfully, and is a kind of orator, but to whose purposes and ideas if you apply a high test, such as would determine what is venerable in character or good in literature, there is a sense of disappointment. In the case of pulpit oratory it is even worse. Not to speak of the miserably-toned little inanities which are so generally offered as sermons

in England by curates and their seniors, one's main recollection of which is that this or that has been so appointed by "Holy Motha Chaach," but to think of those cases in which there is really some effort to preach—is there not some reason for the common assertion that there is no other position in the world where men of education would dare to exhibit themselves as many do in the privileged altitude of the pulpit? "For any sake, come down, man; or else speak sense," King James was once moved to cry out from his royal pew to a Presbyterian preacher who was furiously going at him and his policy. "I tell thee, O king," was the reply, "I will not come down; neither will I speak sense." It is a story apt to occur to one now in many a congregation, Scotch and English. From all which annoying abundance of the bad or barely respectable instances of oratory, secular or sacred, it has mainly arisen, as we believe, that oratory is at a discount in the present age, and that, while historians, philosophers, and poets are held in esteem as such till the claims of each are tested, the orator, as such, is voted a nuisance in the fastidious and cultivated world, and whoever comes forward in this character has to fight against prejudice.

Is there not haste in this conclusion against Oratory? For one thing, it was not always so. From the beginning of intellectual activity among men there has been a very general recognition of four modes of intellectual function, four orders of intellectual functionaries, as distributing among them the spiritual work of the world—the Historian or Scholar, remembering events and narrating them; the Philosopher or Man of Science, severely investigating and speculating; the Poet, imagining and creating; and the Orator, rousing, stimulating, persuading, working on the deep moral moods of men, or swaying them in the management of their affairs. Like all our classifications and distributions this one may almost be blotted out as soon as it is made—there are such overlappings, combina-

tions, and interchanges; but it helps one in thinking of things, or at least in talking of them. Now it is a rather curious historical fact that each of the four functions has had its day of supreme credit and ascendancy. The Poet, perhaps, has always been kept secretly highest in men's regards; but there have been times—as at certain periods of Grecian history—when Philosophy all but carried it over Poetry; and the Scholar had *his* turn of pre-eminence at the period of the revival of learning in Europe. Nor has the Orator, poor fellow, always been so down in the world as at present. Not to refer to those more extraordinary personages, capable of being included in this order, and, indeed, properly its highest representatives—the propagandists of faiths, and leaders of spiritual revolutions—we have proof that even the orator more in ordinary took a very high stand once. Throughout the whole duration of the ancient Greek and Roman world he was a very considerable personage; and, when Athens produced Demosthenes, the possibility of human greatness in the mode of oratory was vindicated for ever. It was, however, among the Romans, I think, that the estimate of oratory in relation to other modes of intellectual action rose highest. There was something in the nature of that people and in their social organization that led them to set an enormous value on oratory and the forms of literature akin to oratory; and it would not be difficult to trace, in what is most characteristic in Roman literature, this prevalence of the oratorical vein. To see, at all events, how high the Romans rated oratory, we have only to read any of Cicero's disquisitions on the subject, or that interesting discussion, which goes by the name of Tacitus, whether the life of a poet or that of an orator is the nobler and more worthy of a man. It is evident that those Roman critics did not, like our modern critics, think only of the bad or poor specimens of the craft they were considering, but, setting these aside, formed their ideal from the greatest known instances. Cicero's enumeration, indeed, of the many and rare



qualities that must meet in a man to make him worthy of the name of an orator, might well appal any one thinking of setting up in that line. Such a paragon of animals as he describes under the name of a great orator is not seen once in several centuries ; and Cicero himself says as much. Whereas of any other art or craft, he says, including that of the philosopher and that of the poet, it was possible to reckon up not a few first-rate examples within a certain range of time, there had been, in all recorded time, Greek or Roman, but one or two apparitions of a consummate orator. Cicero may have had his motive for this manner of speaking—may have been thinking of Mark Tully ; but there is instruction in what he says. If we, nowadays, were to act as fairly in our judgments of oratory as in our judgments of poetry or of history, or of any other mode of intellectual operation—if, in this case, as in those, we were to disregard the multitude of poor or vile instances, and to form our notion of the possibilities of the function from the best examples within reach (and, rare as high examples are, they are not quite wanting)—the result might be a restoration of the Orator to favour, and even a disposition to accord a certain extra amount of respect to any really superior man of this class in consideration of the unusual difficulties and temptations over which he had triumphed.

What reason is there in theory why it should not be so ? There is a certain cast of temper and genius, after which Nature still occasionally makes men, and which we can recognise as that of the Orator. The old saying that the orator is "made" while the poet is "born" is utterly untrue. To whatever poor substitute for oratory, in the shape of a faculty of clear and continuous speaking, an educated person may attain by labour, and however necessary training may be for the born orator, it is in the case of the orator, more perhaps than in any other case whatever, that Nature's part is evident at first sight. Occasionally still Nature does make a man after such a type of

physiology that it is only as an orator that he will or can do his utmost in the world—a man in whose thoughts about anything whatever there is always an element of fervour, of aggressiveness, of tendency to action upon others ; whose feelings and notions, habitually rushing, as it were, along the motor nerves, so as to get out and modify surrounding things to their will, do, when balked of that completion, rush at least to the throat and organs of speech, so as to find excited utterance into the air ; on whom the presence of his fellow-men listening to him in an assembly, and all the other conditions of oratory, so paralysing to most, act with a reverse effect, fitting him to do his best, rousing him to his greatest sense of power and freedom, and setting every process of his spirit more grandly and shrewdly to work. And, if Nature has not ceased occasionally to make such men, does she make them in vain ? Have we outgrown the need for them in our modern time ? Less, perhaps, than in some former times are they needed. We are so cultured, so clever, know so well what is what, and have such ample means of learning any little thing that we do not know by the quiet reading of books and papers ! For a very large proportion of us, agitations or excitements anywhere in society near us are self-condemned. It is a principle with us that there must be boisterousness, or non-catholicity and the overworking of some one idea, in their centre. Why make such a row about things—behaving like a Boanerges, or Bull of Bashan ? If one has anything to say, cannot one put it down calmly in black and white, and let it be considered ? After all allowance, however, for what truth there may be in such views, it does not seem to us that orators are so out of place, even in our present time of universal reading and writing and thinking for ourselves, that we ought to request Nature to stop making that article. There is truth in the saying that the sense of hearing is deeper in some respects than the sense of sight—that a doctrine or a sentiment delivered into the ear reaches the roots

of the being more swiftly, and diffuses itself among them more passionately and permanently, than if it had been taken in by the eye from a book. There are effects in the way of intellectual instruction and discipline, and much more in the way of moral rousing and modification, which can be more readily and strongly produced by the living voice than by any other agency, and especially when men are congregated for the purpose in assemblies, and magnetic currents and circuits of sympathy are established among them till they are for the moment as one compound organism, beating with a mighty life which each of its atoms feels, and it is into this mass of emotion already seething that the propositions are dropped. In a thousand ways over our country at the present day I can still see a noble need for this method, if we had but the right men. I can see it on the small scale and on the large—among the unlettered multitudes in town and country, and among our clearest and most aristocratic minds. While all the tendency at present is to the increase of worship over preaching in the church-service of our parishes, I would still—if only in the interest of such a general gymnastic for the national intellect as would keep us from becoming a stupid nation—put in a word for the puritanic notion of the importance of the parish-pulpit. And, more in the centre of the nation, as well for political as for spiritual purposes, I see room for more oratory, spoken as well as written, than we have, if only it were the right kind. *That* is the difficulty. There is probably an ideal of true oratory in the mind of everyone, in the presence of any actual representative of which objections would vanish, and something of that high respect would be felt unhesitatingly which is felt for other forms of intellectual greatness. How to define that ideal might not be easy; but, roughly speaking, most people would agree to something like this—that the highest degree of consideration might be justly accorded to the orator in any case where it might be evident that the man at the back of the orator was a thoroughly

noble one, with great meaning and purposes, and where it might further appear that this man, owing to his constitution, was able to do more for his meaning and purposes, and to make the track of his life more blazing and beneficent, through the mode of oratory than through any other.

Nothing more can be wished than that this test should be applied to Chalmers. Certainly in him it was a noble and great nature that lay at the back of the orator, and that made oratory its instrument. We have seen what he was in his youth—the great-headed, vehement, dreamy “mad Tam Chalmers,” the wonder of his neighbourhood; a youth, as I fancy him, of such sheer force and mass of brain that, if his native Fifeshire had then still been in its old state of Pictish savagery, he would have been a king-elect among the tribes, and a leader and organiser of their expeditions; but who—Fifeshire having then advanced far beyond its Pictish condition, and on to the close of the eighteenth century—asserted his genius in the fashion to correspond, and was the most ardent soul in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Political Economy, and Natural Theology, within the circle of the county. I said that even then his “potentiality” was all but complete—that, save in one respect, he was then, structurally, all that he was ever to be. Let me go back briefly so as to hint what had happened to him in the interval, and converted the young unknown Chalmers as we left him in 1801-2 into our present celebrated Chalmers of his middle life.

He had been hankering after a mathematical or other Scottish professorship. But it was not to be had; and, in 1803, when he was twenty-three years of age, he became minister of Kilmany, a quiet, agricultural parish of about 150 families, in his native county of Fife. He continued minister of this parish for twelve years, or until he was removed to Glasgow in 1815. If we could write fully the history of Chalmers at Kilmany during these twelve years, it would be an interesting history of a mind. For

the fuller narrative the reader must go to Dr. Hanna's pages ; I can give but the broad facts.

For seven years out of the twelve, or from his twenty-fourth to his thirty-first year, Chalmers lived on in his little parish very much the same man that he had been before, though put into a manse and doing duty as a clergyman. People round about knew him as still the massive half-crazed enthusiast in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Political Economy, and what not—every now and then taking up some new study, and working at it for a time with a passion that excluded everything else ; but, as a parish-clergyman, taking things easy. He would be away lecturing on Mathematics or Chemistry at St. Andrews or at Cupar ; there would be strange rumours in consequence of his having betaken himself to the dreadful new science, Geology, and having actually used these words in one of his lectures :—"The writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe ; if they fix anything at all, it is only the antiquity of the species ;" his parishioners, meeting him on the roads, would sometimes have a hearty jocose greeting from him, but at other times would see him lost in some abstraction, and would gaze after him, not knowing what to make of this "minister" of theirs ; he would go to their houses when sent for, and he had a hurried house-to-house scamper among them once a year, which he called a "visitation ;" but, on the whole, they saw little of him except on Sundays, and then it would sometimes happen that, when he took off his hat before going to the pulpit, strings of green stuff, which he had been gathering that morning as botanical specimens, would be hanging from his hair. His study was but little on the Bible. Sometimes he would prepare a sermon into which, from his own interest in the subject, he would throw all his powers ; and there is proof that on such occasions he blazed out in his little country church with bursts of oratory which fully foretold the future, and were so out of proportion to the habits or expectations

of the rustics that they would be agape with wonder for a week. For example, Bonaparte and the chances of a French invasion of Britain being in all men's thoughts, and Chalmers, as usual, having meditated on this subject till he was as one possessed by it, and having moreover in his fever of martial ardour become chaplain and lieutenant in a local volunteer corps, this is the sort of language that was heard from the Kilmany pulpit : "*May* that day when "*Bonaparte ascends the throne of Britain* "be the last of *my* existence ; may *I* be "*the first to ascend the scaffold he erects* "to extinguish the worth and spirit of "*the country ; may my blood mingle with* "the blood of patriots ; and may *I* die at "*the foot of that altar on which British* "*independence is to be the victim.*" Amazingly out of proportion this, no doubt—for Bonaparte would have had other things to do than send for the minister of Kilmany in particular and order his execution ! But this excess of personal passion about events is according to the true genius of the orator ; and, had the conquest occurred, I do not doubt that Chalmers *would* have gone about Fifeshire as a raging outlaw, and that they would have had to hunt him down and kill him. But, though there would be outbursts of this kind in the Kilmany pulpit, generally on secular subjects, Chalmers's usual addresses to his congregation were, in form, either but sermons hastily scribbled in short-hand on the Saturday evening or Sunday morning, or such fervid chats over the pulpit as he could muster without even this amount of preparation. In matter—save when there would come in a touch of some sublimer contemplations from his natural theology—they were either such mere advices to his parishioners to be decent, honest, and manly, as befitted a system of hearty parochial ethics, or expositions of Christian doctrine to them after the most moderate and rational interpretation of Christianity then known in Scotland. In other words, he was known as a "*Moderate*," and as belonging to that party of the Scottish clergy who, under

the name of "Moderates," were then greatly in the majority, and whose theology—after a historical, and perhaps a metaphysical, postulate or two, which did entitle it to be called Christian—gave little farther trouble to the intelligence of the community. After this interpretation of the Christian faith Chalmers was honestly enough a clergyman, and a man of genius among his fellows of the same theology. But, in truth, he cared little about being a clergyman or a pulpit orator at all; and it was on the great world of science and speculation, with a longing for the opportunity that would transfer him into it, that he kept looking out from his manse in Kilmany. This was shown very characteristically in 1805, when, in consequence of the death of Professor Robison having led to the transference of Playfair from the mathematical chair to the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, there arose a contest who should succeed Playfair in the mathematical chair. Chalmers, who had previously offered himself unsuccessfully for the natural philosophy chair in St. Andrews, came forward as a candidate. His chances were so small that he soon withdrew; and the competition remained between Mr., afterwards Sir John, Leslie, whose claims were paramount, and who ultimately obtained the chair, and Dr. Mac-knight, an eminent Edinburgh clergyman. In the controversy—which was so keen and important as to have acquired a certain historical significance—both Dugald Stewart and Playfair, as friends of Leslie, dwelt strongly on the fact that Leslie's antagonist was a clergyman, and appealed to the country whether it was possible to be a clergyman and a competent teacher of science at the same time, and whether the apparent desire of the clergy to possess themselves of purely intellectual posts in addition to their own ought not to be resisted. Both Stewart and Playfair addressed letters on the subject to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as the chief of the electing body. Chalmers, whose personal interest in the question, though

he had ceased to be a candidate, was kept up by the turn it had taken, was moved to come forward in a pamphlet entitled "*Observations on a Passage in Mr. Playfair's Letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh relative to the Mathematical Pretensions of the Scottish clergy.*" The pamphlet, which was his first publication, was anonymous. It was a vehement protest against Playfair's doctrine of the incompatibility of scientific eminence with the active duties of the clerical profession—vehement to the pitch of sarcastic indignation. "There is almost 'no consumption of intellectual effort'" he wrote "in the peculiar employment 'of a minister. The great doctrines of 'revelation, though sublime, are simple. 'They require no labour of the midnight oil to understand them; no 'parade of artificial language to impress 'them upon the hearts of the people. 'A minister's duty is the duty of the 'heart." And, again, "The author of this 'pamphlet can assert, from what to him 'is the highest of all authority, the 'authority of his own experience, that, 'after the satisfactory discharge of his 'parish duties, a minister may enjoy 'five days in the week of uninterrupted 'leisure for the prosecution of any 'science in which his taste may dispose 'him to engage." And the young orator, from his manse at Kilmany, wound up with a passage which admits us most strikingly to the confidence of his own ambitious dreamings. "The author of 'the foregoing observations," he says, "keeps back his name from the public 'as a thing of no consequence. With 'Mr. Playfair, whose mind seems so enlightened by well-founded associations, 'it will probably be enough to know 'that the author is a clergyman; a 'member of the stigmatized caste; one 'of those puny antagonists with whom 'it would be degrading to enter into the 'lists of controversy; one of those ill-fated beings whom the malignant touch 'of ordination has condemned to a life of 'ignorance and obscurity; a being who 'must bid adieu, it seems, to every flattering anticipation, and drivel out the remainder of his days in insignificance."

We do not know that much attention was paid at the time to this voice from Kilmany, or, indeed, that Playfair and others took the trouble to inquire whence the voice came. But the pamphlet was to be a strange recollection in Chalmers's life—a kind of mill-stone about his neck—after the great change that was to befall him.

We all know the doctrine as it is propounded more expressly by one large system of Christian Theology, though it is hard to conceive that there is any form of Christian Theology from which it can consistently be absent—the doctrine of the necessity, in the case of every individual soul, of a great moral or nervous wrench, at some time or other during life, to bring that soul into a right state of relation to the supernatural. Need philosophy disown this doctrine of the nervous wrench? It does not appear that it need do so, or that it does. What but the same essentially is the dictum of the German sage, that the single thing that no one brings into the world with him is Reverence, that by many it is never acquired, and that it is the consummation of education when this, in its perfect compound form of "The Three Reverences," is imparted to the character? Or consider the matter more directly and practically. Is there any one that does not feel, respecting his own soul, that it might be made nobler and better by a nervous wrench the nature and direction of which it could itself indicate beforehand, and which it has even a certain beginning of power, if only it would exert itself, to invoke and bring on? Are you conscious of vanity as your besetting littleness, or are envy and malice secretly known to you as blackening your heart? Is it out of possibility that these vices could be wrung out of you by a process so sudden and violent that you might call it a wrench; and can you not conceive ways and means of inducing that wrench? For my part, I can conceive no soul in the world, however noble, that might not be made yet nobler by a wrench conceivable by itself in some inspired mood of self-scrutiny—nay,

that would not admit of wrench beyond wrench, each tending towards an ultimate and never-attained adjustment. If this be not so, all our talk about conscience, about a central power in man to view and criticise his own spirit, is surely a waste of words. But, whatever philosophy might reason on this subject, history, unless it has been wholly misread, seems to answer the question. St. Augustine, Luther, Bunyan, Loyola—in each of these cases we do read how the man was, at a certain point of his life, doubled-up and changed, and how, out of a moral struggle or agony, lasting a year or more, there emerged a character in which the old natural lineaments were still discernible, but greatly transfigured.

Well, in the life of Chalmers there was this phenomenon of a great shock or transfiguration midway. No other-wise can it be described; it would not be worth while to *try* to describe it otherwise. The time was the year 1810-11, after he had been seven years in Kilmany. He had been going on as before—the great-brained, intellectual enthusiast. Authorship seeming now to him to afford a means of expression for his teeming thoughts which might serve in lieu of the denied professorship, he had followed up his first anonymous publication with a treatise of larger scope, published in London, and entitled, *Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources*. It was a discussion of the state of Britain as affected by Bonaparte's measures for the destruction of her foreign trade, and a declaration in general of views which Chalmers had formed on various questions of political economy and politics. He had also undertaken to contribute to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, edited by Dr., now Sir David, Brewster, and had bespoken, in particular, the two articles (characteristic conjunction!) "Trigonometry" and "Christianity." The bespeaking of this last indicated a certain new craving of his mind towards he hardly knew what. But he came to know. First, deaths around him of relatives and friends, and then a pros-



trating illness that brought himself to death's door, and shut him up for a whole year in the seclusion of his own thoughts, brought on the change. It consisted of two stages. First, there was that roused sense of a man's power over himself—that brooding of conscience in the centre over the character it was given to guard; that new vigilance in its office; that perception of here a littleness and there a cancerous blackness that might be wrung out; that recording of each discovery of the kind, and of each lapse back after the discovery and the good resolve; that ending of all in the cry and longing that Heaven itself, or its fluttering ministers, would take the matter in hand, and so mould the soul and sustain it that one should walk the earth no longer self-disgusted, but erect and free, as a man should be. Then into this state of aspiration after a pure and heavenly morality—of anxiety as to the future government of one's spirit with a view to the noblest possible life—there broke gradually a new intellectual light, a theory of Christianity different from that which had been entertained before. To express it briefly, Chalmers came out of his sick-room a convert to that "Evangelical" form of Christian Theology which he had formerly repudiated, and a convert so convinced that he was prepared to announce the change not only in the article on Christianity which he had undertaken to write, but in his whole future walk and conversation. Into the very centre of his mind, through all the mathematics and all the big scientific speculations that had been long tumbling in it, there had somehow penetrated those few Pauline ideas, expressed in words that have been long commonplace in the world, which we read of as having given peace to St. Augustine, to Luther, and to many other remarkable men in different lands and ages. Fifty years ago, whatever it may be now, the state of affairs was such in the East of Scotland that a mind of such dimensions as Dr. Chalmers's could feel that by such ideas, and such only,

was it brought into right relation to the supernatural. Whether the relation might not have been made more absolutely satisfactory with the aid of certain critical lights not then quite wanting in the world, and that have flashed about more widely since, it is not for me to inquire here. I am but telling the story of what did happen. And what a marvel it was for the parishioners of Kilmany when their minister came once more among them out of his solitude! The man was transfigured. In the pulpit now not the old careless bursts of anything that came, or the splendid prepared harangue on some half-secular topic, but O, such new phrases about Christ and His love for men—such yearnings of a soul in earnest over his flock—such wrestlings with them to get them to go with him! And then, on week-days, such a going about among them, and dropping into their houses to speak with them, and urging them to this and that, and care for their habits, and promoting of schools and associations, and, with the same rich heartiness and abundance of jest and humour as before, something strange and saint-like! And far beyond Kilmany, among clergy and laity, the rumour ran that Chalmers had become one of the Highflyers. At first there was surprise, and, perhaps, something like sneering in some quarters; but the genius of the man remained, and was not to be denied or withstood, and Highflying, as represented in Chalmers, became a phenomenon of larger look and importance to the region round about him than it had been before. The little parish of Kilmany acquired a celebrity on his account; and at the door of his manse—now no longer the home of a bachelor, but graced by the presence of one who was to be his fit partner throughout the rest of his life—there would arrive relays of visitors, anxious to see him and converse with him.

And so, after Kilmany had kept Chalmers for a few years in his new character, it was natural that the growing desire to see such a man transferred to a position of national influence should have led to his election

to one of the great parishes of Glasgow. From the year 1815, when he removed thither, on through all the stages of his subsequent career, there accompanied him a kind of constant recollection in the public mind that he had not been always the same man that he was, but had, at a particular period, changed sides rather abruptly in the theology and ecclesiastical politics of his country—gone over from the “Moderates” to the “Evangelicals,” and disturbed the balance by his weight. Conscious as he was of this universal recollection respecting him, he let it take its own course. It would have been an indescribable horror to him to flaunt the personal argument of his own “change” before the public eye after the coarse method of some religionists. As much as possible he abstained from the topic ; and to the end, even while engaged in controversy with the Moderate party, he would be warm in his acknowledgments of the many manly virtues he had found in the old Moderate school. On the other hand, it was to the credit of his ecclesiastical opponents that, for the most part, they chivalrously forbore, in their contests with him, from the use of an argument so calculated for effect in debate—the argument that he himself had not always been of his present opinions. On one occasion, however, there was a deviation from this rule. It was as late as the year 1825, when the “Evangelical” party in the Scottish Church had so increased in strength as to be coming within sight of the ascendancy. In the General Assembly of that year there was a great debate on Pluralities, Dr. Chalmers and his party going for their abolition, on the ground that one cure of souls was enough for a clergyman. On the second day of the debate, a leader on the other side could not resist a mode of retort that had suggested itself to him. Standing up with Chalmers’s old anonymous Playfair pamphlet, of 1805, in his hands, he read passages from it, and with especial emphasis that passage, already quoted by us, “The author of this pamphlet can assert, from what to him is the highest

“of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish-duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage.” Chalmers was not named ; but all eyes were turned to him, and there was wonder on both sides what he would do. There had gone through him at the moment one of those incalculable stirrings that make men like him equal to any emergency ; and what he did was simply sublime. Rising in his turn, he told the House that he had never publicly acknowledged that pamphlet, and had believed it to be forgotten and buried, but that, now that it had been disinterred for his confusion by one who had undertaken the task of a resurrectionist, he did confess himself to be its author, and stood there at the bar a repentant culprit on account of it. “I was at that time, sir,” he said, “more devoted to mathematics than to the literature of my profession ; and, feeling grieved and indignant at what I thought an undue reflection on the abilities and education of our clergy, I came forward with that pamphlet to rescue them from what I deemed an unmerited reproach, by maintaining that a devoted and exclusive attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant from the proper habits of a clergyman. “Alas ! sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in saying that the sentiment was wrong, and that, in the utterance of it, I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was ! “What, sir, is the object of mathematical science ? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, “I had forgotten two magnitudes—I thought not of the littleness of time ; “I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity.” What could be said after this ? There was a solemn stillness in the House ; and I do not think that anyone afterwards ever troubled Chalmers about the change in his opinions. It adds to the impressiveness of such a

revelation of his character to know that, in his own private diary of that Assembly, recording details of the proceedings from day to day, there is not the slightest allusion to this its crowning incident.

We can see now, I think, what was the sort of constitution, and what the prior mental history, that lay behind the orator in Chalmers, and that gave to his pulpit-oratory its unparalleled power and fame during the time of his residence in Glasgow. In those great days of his preaching, as during the rest of his life whenever and wherever he preached, it was as a preacher of the "Evangelical" school that he was known, and more particularly as an Evangelical preacher whose theology was describable as of the Scottish variety of Calvinism. To administer to the minds of men, without rational abatement or doubt, those inmost and most peculiar doctrines of a popular Gospel, the recognition of which had made so great a revolution in himself; to have no trust, as regarded either the improvement of the individual or the real civilization of the world, in anything short of the central change that would be caused by the passionate embrace of these doctrines; to avow the great end of all his labours to be, in the common phrase of all Evangelical preachers, "the winning of souls to Christ;" not to be ashamed of such phrases in the pulpit or in his serious intercourse with men elsewhere, but to use them as true, good, and warm with a vital meaning—to these habits, and to this employment of a genius that had once looked forward to any other employment of itself rather than this, had the unseen powers that manipulate the spirits of men brought Chalmers in his middle life. In virtue of this "Evangelicalism" it was, energizing all his powers and radiating through all he did, that he had become what he was when young Lockhart described him,

"In his allotted home a genuine Priest,  
The Shepherd of his flock, or, as a King  
Is styled when most affectionately praised,  
The Father of his people."

But while, as names go, it is not to

misname Chalmers to say that he was, in the modern and popular sense, a great "Evangelical" preacher and parish-minister, nothing is more certain to me than that those who should form an idea of him as such from commoner samples of the species would wholly misconstrue him. He did, simple-minded man that he was, relate himself to past and contemporary teachers of Evangelical Theology as his nearest intellectual kindred; his Christian reading was much in that peculiar religious literature of which the writings of some of the Puritan divines are the older examples, and books like Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity" the more recent; nay, he would see "the root of the matter" in much more obscure performances that came in his way, and his correspondence is full of respectful references to theological tracts and treatises which he would have found trashy if he had not found them pious. But, as to the degree of his affinity with those multitudinous kinsmen of his, he was, partly through modesty, under a delusion. As distinct as were Chalmers's physiognomy and figure from those of other eminent preachers—as different as was the impression made by the sight of his massive head, with its extraordinary breadth of brow, expanse and height of temples, and great depth back from the forehead, from the impression made by characteristic portraits of old Puritans, or by the portraits of the heavenly-minded and aquiline Wesleys, or from that made by the actually observed countenances of their successors among modern preachers, some all forehead and no jaw, and others all jaw and no forehead—so distinct was the Evangelicalism of Chalmers from any precedent or contemporary instance. Let me explain a little more in detail what I mean.

In the first place, it will be found that religious men, even within the same body or denomination, differ from each other very much in respect of the amount and multiplicity of the intellectual tackling, if I may so call it,

with which they find it necessary to connect earth with heaven. In the history of English Puritanism this is exemplified. The English Puritans of the middle of the seventeenth century are generally represented as a great homogeneous body, all characterised by the same hard dialectical spirit in Theology, the same delight in a religion of numerous doctrines and subtleties expounded over and over again in sermons mechanically divided and subdivided, the same tendency to fill the air between heaven and earth with a tackling of dogmata so dense and intricate that both the due esteem of earth and its secular duties beneath and the due feeling of heaven in its infinite grandeur above were lost in a sense of the laboriousness of the interconnexion. Now, this is a mistake. The period when something like what is alleged was true—and even then it was true only with remarkable exceptions—was that of the brief ascendancy of Presbyterianism in the early years of the Long Parliament. Then there *was* a giving over of the mind of England to the exercises of a formal and dialectical Theology to a degree that for the time all but excluded other kinds of intellectual exercise. But no sooner did the Independents and other sects begin to walk forth from among the Presbyterians, and to assert that England must not belong to the Presbyterians, than the national atmosphere changed, the excess of theological dialectics visibly abated, and there was a wonderful increase, on the one hand, of interest in all forms of useful or secular knowledge and in the utilitarian spirit generally, and, on the other, of a free habit of grand ideal contemplation. If one tries to form an idea of the personal religion of such men as Cromwell and Milton, of the habitual state of their minds, what one sees is, as it were, a solid floor of varied and peopled earth, very definitely conceived ; far over this, again, a vast overarching and infinitely-distant heaven ; but all, or nearly all, the space between, void and transparent. Something of the same, though not to the same extent, will be found to have been

the case in the greatest Anglican and Presbyterian minds. For it would appear to depend on the degree of a mind's endowment in that Space-and-Time feeling which constitutes humanity in its essence—and very large endowment in which we sought, in a former paper, to identify with genius—what amount or multiplicity of dialectical intertackling between its experience of earth and its sight of heaven it can admit or require. The larger the physical sphere embraced by the consciousness, the greater the space between the centre and the circumference, and the less satisfaction in trying to warp across it by means of numerous formal reasonings. And so, in Chalmers, by reason of the great natural dimensions of his mind, there was—his firm acceptance of the peculiar doctrines of Evangelical Christianity always assumed and recollected—less of the action of a complex traditional Theology in his thoughts than might have been expected from his position. Through his preaching, Calvinistic in the main as it might have been described in respect of doctrine, there were to be seen, recognisable by Calvinists and anti-Calvinists alike, great spaces of the immeasurable uncobwebbed heaven. Nay more, through all the days of his preaching he was amongst the most liberal of ecclesiastics, and the most anxious that both his own independence of mind and the Christian world generally, should be preserved from the spirit of a dictatorial orthodoxy. "I am not sure," he once wrote, "whether there is not too much of a sensitive alarm about one's orthodoxy when it is expected that something like a satisfying declaration of it shall be brought forward in every single discourse. Might not a preacher and his hearers so understand each other as that the leading points of doctrine might be tacitly pre-supposed between them?" Accordingly, while at Glasgow, he by no means thought himself bound to take that common plan of preaching which he used afterwards satirically to describe as trying in every sermon to "take a lift of all theology." He ranged about considerably, and, in addition to

many sermons of purely spiritual appeal or exposition, broke out now and then in sermons of such direct and practical application of Christianity to affairs as astonished weaker evangelical minds. His *Commercial Discourses*, as they came afterwards to be called, were a conspicuous proof that the Glasgow merchants and operatives had greatly mistaken the nature of his Evangelicalism if they expected that he would always confine himself to points of faith, and would never make any of them writhe under denunciations of their special forms of immorality, hypocrisy, and roguery. All through life he kept this largeness of method in his Evangelicalism, this liberty of grappling human nature towards the good and noble by any efficient means, while believing the Gospel to be the great means. And the horror of a narrow and dictatorial orthodoxy grew upon him rather than diminished. "Some of our friends have by far too fine a nose for heresy, sir," was a frequent remark of his in his later life, in reference to the habit, so common in all Churches, but in which Scottish Christians are perhaps *facile principes*, of overhauling a poor fellow's speeches and writings with a view to a prosecution for unsoundness. In his private prayers at that time such petitions as these recur again and again in a manner most significant: "Let me not be the slave of human authority, but clear my way through all creeds and confessions to Thine own original Revelation;" "Deliver me, O God, from the narrowing influence of human lessons, and more especially of systems of human theology." If the reader can imagine a mind having all these characteristics, and yet really and honestly orthodox in the common acceptance of the term, he will have an idea of the Evangelicalism of Chalmers.

Again, so far as Chalmers did in his preaching assume the habitual theology of his country, and employ himself heartily in its exposition, he imported into his treatment of it such peculiar intellectual methods learnt among the sciences, such a stock of notions derived

from them, such an already acquired interest in various speculations and researches not within the usual ken of the clergy, and, moreover, an imagination so rich and inventive, that he affected that theology more than he or others thought, and did not leave it altogether as he found it. In other words, the Evangelicalism of Chalmers formed a stage in the religious history of Scotland. That movement in the Church of Scotland which led to the gradual relinquishment of the "Moderatism" of the eighteenth century, and to the ascendancy at last, about the time of the Reform Bill, of a popular "Evangelicalism" among the clergy, had, it is true, been in progress before Chalmers went over to the "Evangelicals," and was already provided with able chiefs and leaders. But, from the moment that he joined it, his became the leading *intellectual* influence; it was from him, more than from any one else, that the progressive party derived its adaptations to contemporary exigencies and ideas, and its new forms of phraseology. Hence a certain character of its own about the Scottish Evangelical movement during Chalmers's life, distinguishing it, perhaps, from the contemporary Evangelical movement in the English Church—a peculiarity of character depending on the accident, if we may so call it, that the movement had come to be led, not by a hard and shrewd ecclesiastic, not by an accomplished scholar, not by a simple religious enthusiast, but by one who had been brought unexpectedly to the work from a prior course of ardour in Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, and Political Economy, and who, but for the change that had befallen him, would still have been labouring breast-deep in a philosophy compounded of the speculations of these sciences. To Geology, for example, and consequently to the notion that the current interpretation of the Book of Genesis might have to be modified, Chalmers remained loyal throughout his life. He did not, indeed, go far in the reconciliation of Theology with Science which he thought necessary at this point—not so far, I believe, as



he would have gone now, had he been alive. But he went beyond the theological opinion of his day; and his authority helped to make Scottish orthodoxy less timid in that direction at least than it might otherwise have been. And what he did on the frontier between Geology and Theology was a type of much of his activity both as a preacher and as a writer. Retaining as he did an eager interest in the sciences, and a reverent and exulting sympathy with those who were labouring in them and filling their minds with their high generalizations, he longed to demonstrate that Christianity need not lose these men, that it could only be by mismanagement and misunderstanding if it did lose them. Hence, in addition to his expositions of Christianity for the poor and ignorant, he was ever after some attempt or other for the recommendation of Christianity to the higher and more cultivated intelligence of the time. These attempts commonly took the form of "reconciliations" of Theology with Science—of arguments, with all the strength of one who thought he knew both, to bring them into harmony. Of this kind was his treatise, "*The Evidences and Authority of the Christian Revelation*," originally published in 1813, and afterwards expanded and modified. Of this kind also were his famous "*Astronomical Discourses*," delivered as a week-day course of lectures in Glasgow in 1816, and which, after holding that city in a state of intellectual excitement for a year, ran through the country in edition after edition to the extent of 20,000 copies, dividing attention with Scott's early novels, and moving men like Canning, Foster, Mackintosh, and Hazlitt, to outcries of admiration.

Here for the present I must conclude. It is wholly as the orator or preacher that I have in this paper sought to represent Chalmers—as the functionary swaying the thoughts and deep moral moods of men, either directly by his spoken eloquence, or indirectly and over larger spaces by his writings. For we ought to extend the notion of Oratory into literature, and to classify all publi-

cations that emanate from the oratorical habit of mind, whether they have been first actually spoken or not, under the head of Oratory. Burke's writings, for example, are of this class; and it is convenient to consider Oratory, equally with History, Exposition, or Poetry, as a leading form of literature, admitting of subdivision. But Oratory, in its full extent, does not stop at the thoughts and deep moral moods of men. It is not for nothing that oratory in our days, as always heretofore, is seen in conjunction with practical or professional statesmanship. There is a real connexion between the two. Constitutionally there is an identity between the Orator and the Reformer or Statesman. In both the ultimate characteristic is an *outgoing* energy—a passion for modifying the medium around one to the tune of one's own desires. In this sense, the orator is often but the balked statesman—the man whose ideas and desires, having no other expression than through the throat and organs of speech, are dashed into the air through that outlet that they may not be altogether lost; while the statesman, giving farther effect to his desires in the actual management of affairs and the modification of human institutions, may be called the orator consummate. Intermediate between the two is the oratory which, if it cannot get the length of actual statesmanship, at least tends to it by agitating and discussing specific public questions. It is in the nature of the orator thus to concern himself with the "questions" of his time. In Chalmers's case, at all events, we see this development of oratory. Through his whole life, besides being the preacher or pulpit-orator, he was a propagandist of definite and vehemently-held views on social and political questions of great importance. Owing to circumstances, he was even able to give effect to some of these views after the manner of a practical statesman. In my next paper I will follow him into this character, and give a summary account both of some of his views on public questions, and of his efforts to carry them into practice.

## OVER THE HILL-SIDE.

FAREWELL! In dimmer distance

I watch your figures glide,  
Across the sunny moorland,  
And brown hill-side

Each momentarily uprising,  
Large, dark, against the sky;  
Then—in the vacant moorland,  
Alone sit I.

Along the unknown country,  
Where your lost footsteps pass,  
What beauty decks the heavens  
And clothes the grass!

Over the mountain shoulder,  
What glories may unfold!  
Though I see but the mountain,  
Blank, bare and cold;

And the white road, slow winding  
To where, each after each,  
You slipped away—ah, whither?  
I cannot reach.

And if I call, what answers?  
Only, twixt earth and sky,  
Like wail of parting spirit,  
The curlew's cry.

\* \* \* \*

Yet sunny is the moorland,  
And soft the pleasant air;  
And little flowers, like blessings,  
Grow everywhere.

While, over all, the mountain  
Stands, sombre, calm, and still;  
Immutable and steadfast  
As the One Will;

Which, done on earth, in heaven,  
Eternally confessed  
By men, and saints, and angels,  
Be ever blest!

Under Its infinite shadow,  
Safer than light of ours,  
I'll sit me down a little  
And gather flowers.

Then I will rise and follow  
Without one wish to stay,  
The path ye all have taken—  
The appointed way.

## THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## THE END OF A CHAPTER.

As Gerty stood barefooted and breathless behind her curtain watching her husband reading the letter which she believed to be from Mrs. Nalder, her cunning little eye made a discovery. There was one drawer of the secretary

NOTE.—Mr. Kingsley wishes it to be explained that the abrupt and somewhat "sensational" ending of Chapter XLV. of his story in last number was not intentional on his part, but arose from an accident in the division of the manuscript.—*Editor.*

open—one of the secret drawers, which she had seen open frequently, and knew the trick of perfectly, as did probably every one who had once looked at it for an instant. It seemed so evident to her that George had taken Mrs. Nalder's letter from that drawer, and so certain that he would put it back there again, that she was quite satisfied to wait no longer, and so stole silently and successfully out of the room once more; and, when George came up to bed soon after, she appeared to awake with a sweet smile. "Good heavens!" she said to herself, "he looks like death."

And he looked like death in the morning. He was so absolutely silent that he seemed to be possessed of a dumb devil, and he looked utterly scared and terrified. She heard him give orders to the pad groom, which showed that he was going out, but would be home to lunch. She asked him where he was going, and he simply answered, "To Croydon."

His horse's feet were barely silent in the yard, when she was at the old secretary. The drawer was opened, and the letter was in her hand before George was out of the park. At the first glance at it, she saw that it was not from Mrs. Nalder, or from any woman, but was written in a man's hand. When she saw this, her conscience pricked her for one moment. It was not a secret in her department. She had a right to open a woman's letter to her husband, but she had no right here. Curiosity prevailed, and she sat down and read the letter we give in the next chapter. It is hard to say how much she understood of it, but quite enough to make her hastily replace it in the drawer; to stand for an instant stupefied with horror, and then to rush wildly upstairs, seize baby to her bosom, and turn round, her eyes gleaming with the ferocity of sheer terror, at bay against the enemy.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE LETTER WHICH WAS NOT FROM MRS. NALDER.

"SIR,—I am about to write to you the longest letter which I have ever written in my life, and, I make bold to say, one of the strangest letters ever written by one man to another.

"Sir George, you will find me, in this letter, assuming an indignant and injured tone; and at first you will laugh at such an idea—at the idea of a man so deeply steeped in crime as I am having any right to feel injury or injustice; but you will not laugh at the end, Sir George. If your better feelings don't prevent your doing that, what I

have to tell you will put you into no laughing mood.

"Who ruined me, sir? Who brought me, a silly and impressive young man, into that hell of infamy, which was called a private tutor's? Was I ever a greater scoundrel than Mottesfont, who forged his own father's name; was I ever so great a blackguard as Parkins? No. I should have been clobbered in the hulks if I had been. Why, the only honest man in that miserable house when we first went there (save our two selves) was the poor old idiot of a tutor, who knew no more of the antecedents of his two pupils than your father did.

"And then did not I see you, the handsome merry young gentleman whom I followed for goodwill and admiration, laughing at them, seeming to admire them, and thinking them fast fellows, and teaching me to do the same? Was not I made minister of your vice? And, lastly, Sir George Hillyar—I am going to speak out—when I saw you, the young gentleman I admired and looked up to, when I saw you—I can say it to-day after what I know now—Forge, can you be the man to cast a robbery in my teeth? Am I worse than you?"

(Sir George had lit a cigar when he had read so far. "Is that the little game?" he said. "The man's brain is softening. Why old Morton, the keeper, knows all about that. But there is a lot more in reserve; three or four pages. Now I *do* wonder how he is going to try and raise the wind out of me. He is a fool for mentioning that old business, because it will only make me angry, and he can't appear without being packed off to the colony in irons for life. Oh, here is more sentimentality, hey?")

"Knowing all I have known, Sir George, have I ever attempted to trade on it? Never. Haven't I, rogue, wretch, and dog, as I am, with hell begun in this world for me—haven't I been faithful and true to you? What did I ever have from you before that thirty pounds you gave me in Palmerston last year? You surely owed me as much as that; you surely owed Julia's husband as much as that. You received me then

like a villain and a thief. I came to you humbly, and was glad to see your face again, for your face was dear to me till last night, Sir George. And you broke out on me, and bullied me, assuming that I was going to swindle you.

"If it hadn't been for the reception you gave me then, I would never have deceived you, and come to England. I would have stopped at Perth; for the tale I told you was true; but the wind was fair, and I was angry with you, and old England was before me, and so I did not go on shore. What have I done which warrants *you* in doing what you have done to me? Sir George Hill-yar, sir, a master scoundrel like me knows as much or more than a leading detective. *You* know that. Last night, Sir George, it came to my knowledge that you had offered two hundred guineas for my apprehension."

("Confound the fellow, I wonder how he found that out," said Sir George. "How very singular it is his trying to take me in with these protestations of affection. I thought him shrewder. I must have him though. I am sorry to a certain extent for the poor devil, but he must stand in the dock. All that he chooses to say about the past there will go for nothing; he will be only rebuked by the court. But if he goes at large he may take to anonymous letter-writing, or something of that kind. And he really does know too much. That's what Morton, the keeper, so sensibly said, when he advised me to do it. Yes, let him say what he has got to say in the dock, in the character of a returned convict.")

"That is to say, Sir George, in sheer unthinking cowardice, or else because you wished to stamp all I had to say as the insane charges of a desperate man, you deliberately condemned me, who had never harmed you, to a fate infinitely more horrible than death—to the iron gang for life; calculating, as I have very little doubt—for you as a police inspector know the convict world somewhat—on my suicide. Now, Sir George, who is the greatest villain of

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us two? Now, have I not got a case against you?"

(Sir George's face darkened, and he looked uneasy. "This fellow is getting dangerous. But I shall have him to-night.")

"Now, Sir George, please attend to me, and I will tell you a story—a story which will interest you very deeply. I wish first of all, my dear sir—in order to quicken your curiosity—to allude to the set of sapphires valued at some eight hundred pounds, and the set of cameos valued at nearly two thousand pounds, which, to Mr. Compton's great surprise, were not found among your late father's effects at his most lamented demise. Do you remember discovering, while Mr. Compton and you were arranging papers, in the very front of the old black secretary, a bundle of pink and highly-scented love-letters, written in an elegant lady's hand, addressed to your father, and signed 'Mary?' The one, unless I forget, which contained the tress of auburn hair, was the one in which Mary thanked her dearest old Georgy Porgy for the *beautiful, beautiful* set of blue stones; and the one in which was the sprig of Cape jessamine was full of warm expressions of gratitude for the noble, the princely present of the cameos. I admire the respect which you and Mr. Compton showed for the memory of your late father, in saying nothing about the love-letters, and in letting the sapphires and cameos go quietly to the devil. A scandalous *liaison* in a man of your late father's age is best kept quiet. It is not respectable."

("How the deuce did he find *this* out?" said George.)

"Now, my dear sir, I beg to inform you that your dear father was utterly innocent of this 'affair.' He always was a very clean liver, was Sir George. I'll speak up for him, because he seems bitterly to have felt that he hadn't done his duty by me, and was in some sort answerable for my misdemeanours, in sending me to that den of iniquity in your company. But about these love letters; they were written, under my

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direction, by a young female of good education, but who, unhappily, knows pretty near as much of the inside of Newgate as she does of the outside; they were put in that *escritoire* by my own hand, ready for you to find them. And, as for the sapphires and cameos, why I stole them, sold them, have got the money, and am going into business with it in Palmerston."

"The deuce you are," said George. "Is he mad? or is there something coming? I must have some brandy. I am frightened." He drank half a tumbler of brandy, and then went on with the letter.)

"If you ask me how, I will tell you. Lay down this letter a moment, take a table-knife, go outside of the pantry window (a latticed one, as you will remember), and raise the latch with the knife; that will explain a great deal to you. I resume.

"I came on to England, as you know, and we had to beat up for Rio, leaky. From thence I wrote by the *Tay* steamer to my son Reuben, telling him to look out for me. That noble lad, sir, was as true as steel. He was living at the top of my cousin's house at Chelsea, and he took me in at every risk, and was most faithful and dutiful. Use that boy well, Sir George, and it shall be well with you.

"You know what I got involved in there. I began to see that there were some in that business far too clumsy for me, and I tried to get out of it. I thought of Stanlake. I had robbed the house once, and I meant to do it again. I knew what a terrible lot of property there was loose in that house. I began getting into that house through the pantry window; I got in, first and last, eight times.

"I knew enough to know that the black *escritoire* was my mark, and I worked at that. I found out your father's trick of sitting up, and dozing off uneasily, and it was the cause of much danger to me. I have been in the room with him several times when he was snoring and dozing in his chair, before I could get a chance at the lock,

and then I failed the first time. The next night I came with other skeleton keys and got it open. That night I got the sapphires and the cameos, which I have seen your mother wear often, Sir George; and the next morning, Reuben being safe at Stanlake, I wrote to the police, and laid them on to the crib at Church-place, Chelsea."

"Are there two devils," said George, aghast, "or is this the true and only one?"

"Sir, you may have thought that near three thousand pounds was enough to content me, but it was not. I wanted the diamonds; the whole affair (I will not use thieves' Latin to you, sir) was so safe, and there was such an absolute certainty of impunity about it, that I felt a kind of triumph, not unmixed with amusement. I came back after the diamonds; and the night I came back after the diamonds was the very night your poor dear pa died."

(George was so sick and faint now that the brandy had but little effect on him, but after a time he went on.)

"That night, sir, I got in as usual with my boots in my pocket. Old Simpson was fast asleep in a chair in the little drawing-room as usual. I waited a long while outside the library door, longer than usual, until I heard Sir George snore; and then, at the very first sound of it, I passed quickly and safely in.

"He was sleeping very uneasily that night, sometimes snoring, and sometimes talking. I heard him mention Mr. Erne's name very often, and once or twice Mr. Erne's mother's name. Then he mentioned your name, sir, and he said more than once, 'Poor George! Poor dear George!' to my great surprise, as you may suppose.

"Then I looked at the secretary, and it was open; and on the desk of it was lying a deed. I stepped up, and saw it was his will. I opened it, and read it, for it was very short. Eight thousand a year to Mr. Erne, and Stanlake to you. I had just heard him say, 'Poor dear George!' in his sleep; and I thought of you, sir—before God



I did, unkind as you had been to me. I said, If I put this in my pocket, he must make a new one, and then it may be better for 'Poor dear George.' And, as I thought that, I heard a noise and looked up, and saw that he had silently awaked, had caught up a sword from the rack over the fire-place, and was close on me.

"He was very unsteady, and looked very ghastly, but he recognised me in an instant, and called me by name. I easily eluded him, and made swiftly for the door—he catching up the candle and following me down the passage, calling out in the most awful voice for Reuben to come and help him.

"I made for the kitchen, and he after me, quicker than I reckoned on. The kitchen was so dark that I got confused among the furniture, and began to get frightened, and think that I had gone too far in my rashness. Before I could clear out of it, he came reeling in, and saw me again. He threw his sword at me, and fell heavily down, putting out the light.

"I was in the pantry, and at the window in one moment. As I got it open, I knocked down some glasses, and at the same moment heard Simpson in the kitchen shouting for help.

"I was deeply grieved on hearing next day that your poor pa was found dead. It is very dreadful to be took off like that in a moment of anger; called to your last account suddenly in an uncharitable frame of mind, without one moment given for repentance or prayer. I thank Heaven that I can lay my hand on my heart at this moment, and say that I am in peace and charity with all men, and can await my summons hence calmly, and without anxiety. *My* spiritual affairs are in perfect order, Sir George. Oh, that you too would take warning before it is too late!

"And now, with regard to my worldly affairs, Sir George. I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but I must have those traps took off my trail immediate, if you please. You will, of course, lose no time about *that*, seeing that, should anything happen to me, of course Mr.

Erne would immediately come into four-fifths of your income, with a claim for a year's rents. In short, Sir George, I have it in my power to ruin you utterly and irretrievably; and, when it came to my knowledge last night that you, having heard of my return from France, had set the traps upon me, I got in such a fury that *I was half-way to Compton's office with it* before I could think what I was about. If it had been half-a-mile nearer, you would have been lost. You know what my temper is at times, and you must be very careful.

"This is all I have to trouble you with at present. I am not in want of any pecuniary assistance. My affairs are, on the whole, prosperous. I shall, by retaining possession of your father's will, render our interests identical. Meanwhile, sir, I thank you for your kindness to my son Reuben. You will never have a hard bargain to drive with me as long as you are kind to him."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### SIR GEORGE HILLYAR STARTS ON HIS ADVENTURE.

ONE scarcely likes to look too closely into the volcano of terror and fury which began to heave and gleam in Sir George Hillyar's mind when he read this. The biscuit-like walls of old craters stand up for centuries, heaving beautiful, scornful pinnacles aloft into the blue of heaven; and the grass grows on the old flame-eaten, vitrified rocks, in the holes of which the native cats and copper lizards live and squabble, and say things behind one another's backs; and people have picnics there; and lost sheep feed there, and waken strange startling echoes in the dead silence of the summer noon by their solitary bleat; and the eagle comes sometimes and throws his swift passing shadow across the short grass; and all goes on peacefully, until folks notice that a white, round-topped cloud hangs high aloft over the hill, and stays there; and then some one says that the cloud is red at night on the lower edge; and

then some fine morning down slides the lip of the old crater, crash, in unutterable ruin, and away comes the great lava stream hissing through the vineyards, and hell is broken loose once more.

So now the bank of loose *scoriae*—now, alas ! a thing of the past—which had been built up by time, by want of temptation, by his love of his wife, by the company of such people as the Oxtons, by desire for the applause of society, round the seething fire which existed in George Hillyar, and which some say—and who is he bold enough to deny it ?—is in all of us, had broken down utterly.

Suddenly, when at the height of prosperity, a prosperous gentleman, just winning his way into thorough recognition from the world, after all he had gone through ; at this very moment he found his fortune and reputation in the hands of a thrice-convicted, self-accused, hypocritical villain. He knew that he was not safe for a moment ; and he knew that, should this man use his power, he had only one remedy—suicide.

For, in the first place, he had thoroughly persuaded himself of the utter lowness of Erne's character—that he had no mercy to expect from him ; and, should his father's will be produced, he would be awfully in Erne's debt even now. And next, he would sooner, far sooner, after what had passed, put a pistol to his head and draw the trigger than ask for it. Sir George Hillyar was a great scoundrel, but physically he was not a coward. Barker's Gap showed that to the astonished Secretary Oxtan. He would still prefer death to what he chose to consider disgrace.

He had been using the wealth which he considered his very freely, with a view to reinstate himself into society, and had to a certain extent succeeded. Tasteful extravagance, which he had taken to as a means to that end, had now become a necessity to him ; and, moreover, here, as in Australia, he had made many enemies by his manner. He could not and would not endure disgrace and ruin before these men. He

placed the alternative of suicide most plainly before him.

The alternative ! Then there was another ? Yes, but one best not spoken about. A bird of the air would carry some matters.

At first he broke into most ungovernable, frantic rage, and broke his hand against the mantel-piece ; but by degrees his passion grew more still and more intense, and his resolution, whatever it was, became fixed.

George Hillyar had not one friend in the world, unless you could call the old gamekeeper one. His love for his silly wife had long been on the wane, and was now utterly swept away and lost in this terrible deluge. Nay, Gerty had reason enough for jealousy, had she looked in the right direction. He would have been utterly alone, on a terrible Stylites column of selfishness, built up, stone by stone, through a mispent life, had it not been for one single person. His heart was closed entirely towards every member of his species save one—his illegitimate son Reuben.

And so strangely had matters arranged themselves that this affliction was shared by his bitterest enemy, the partner of his crimes. The one link between these two men, which did not seem of the devil's forging, was their kindly feeling towards this young man Reuben, whom each believed to be his son. And George's first resolution was to claim paternity in Reuben himself, lest Reuben, believing Samuel Burton to be his father, should interfere in any way with his plans.

For George was right, as I dare say you have already guessed. Reuben *was* George's son. The poor woman, Samuel's wife, utterly deserted and alone in the world, lost her youngest child, and was left with Reuben only. And, when she saw Morton the keeper, she suspected that the family wanted to get him from her ; and so she lied about it, and said it was the eldest who was dead. For this child was all she had left in the world ; name, health, character, all were gone. Nothing was left but this pretty one ; and, if she parted from that, there

was nothing left but the river. She easily put simple old Morton off his quest, and was left in peace. A selfish woman—to stand wilfully between her child and worldly advancement! And yet her conduct seems to shine out of the dreadful darkness of the whole transaction, on which I have slightly touched, as a gleam from a higher and purer region.

Old Sir George Hillyar had seen the likeness in an instant, and had determined to *know nothing whatever*, but to do what he considered his duty by Reuben—which seems fully to account for his conduct to Reuben, and to George also; for, when the kind old man (he was in his way *very* kind) saw, or thought he saw, that George had recognised his unfortunate offspring, and that his heart was moved towards him, then the old man's heart was softened, towards both father and son. He probably felt the same repugnance as I do to handle or examine a very ugly business.

Reuben, as soon as he had accepted Sir George Hillyar's protection, had been made under-keeper at Stanlake, and had been put under old Morton to learn his duties. Old Morton saw nothing strange in the attention that Sir George paid to this young man. Reuben was the favourite of the day, as he had been once. He admired Reuben, and rather flattered him. The old dog, if he is of a good breed, is quite contented with half the hearth-rug in his old age; particularly when the young dog is so affectionately deferential as was the young dog Reuben. Reuben would sometimes call him "old cock"—which was low; but then he submitted so gently to the old man's courtly reproofs; and, besides, his reckless and desperate gallantry in the matter of poachers more than out-balanced any slight lowness and slanginess of language of which Morton might have to complain. Morton took to Reuben, and Reuben took most heartily to his trade.

At this time also Reuben began to exhibit that fondness for decorating his person which afterwards caused him to develop into—but we anticipate. So that the Reuben who stood before Sir George

Hillyar in the library an hour or two after the arrival of that dreadful letter, was, so to speak, the very pink, tulip, or abstract ideal of all dandy game-keepers, without being a bit overdressed or theatrical. A clean, dapper, good-humoured, innocent young fellow, with a pleasant open face which won your good will at once. He was strangely in contrast with his dark-browed father, and seemed an odd figure to find in that sink of guilt into which he was getting drawn.

"Reuben," said Sir George, quietly, "come here."

Reuben came up, and Sir George took his hand. "Look at me," he said. "Do I look as if I was mad?"

He certainly did not. Those steady, resolute eyes shone out of no madman's head. Reuben, wondering, said emphatically, "No."

"Have I ever appeared mad in your eyes? Have I ever seemed to you to act on suddenly-formed resolutions—to pursue a very important course of action without due reason?"

Reuben, getting more puzzled yet, answered, "Certainly not, sir."

"Then should you think me a madman if I told you that I was your father?"

Reuben started and turned pale. He was utterly unprepared for this. His facile face assumed a look of painful anxiety, and he stood with half-opened mouth, waiting for Sir George to go on, evidently only half understanding what he had said already.

"Such is the case," he went on. "Do not ask me for the proofs, my poor boy, but believe me. Does not nature, does not your heart, tell you that I am right, as they both do me?"

Reuben looked at him one moment, and then said, wondering, "Father! My father!"

Sir George mistook the tone in which Reuben spoke. He thought that Reuben spoke in affectionate recognition of his claims, whereas it was simply an ejaculation of wonder. It was the first time that any one had ever called him by the sacred old name, and he felt a strange pleasure in it. Gerty's boy used to call

him papa; how sickly and artificial it sounded after "father!" He paused an instant, and then went on—

"Yes; I am your father, Reuben. Remember that. Impress that on your mind. There is no possibility of a doubt of it. Keep that steadily before you through everything. I have been a bad father to you, but you must forgive and forget all that."

"I have never had anything but kindness from you, sir," said Reuben.

"You have had very little of it, my poor boy. Never mind; there is time enough to mend all that. Now I have had, as you may suppose, a very distinct object in making this startling announcement to you this day above all others, for my conduct to you must show you that I have known the secret a long time."

Reuben assented, and began to look on his new-found father with more interest as his mind took in the facts of the case.

"Now," continued Sir George, "that treble-dyed, unmitigated villain, who used to pretend that you were his son—that Samuel Burton and I are at deadly variance, and I have made this announcement to you, in order that you may know which side you ought to take, should you unhappily be called on to choose, which God forbid. I have nothing more to say to you. Come to me here at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning; for I am going a long and weary journey, and I want to say good-bye to you before I go."

"May not I go with you, sir?" said Reuben, in a low and husky voice. "I would be very faithful—"

"No, no!" said Sir George, somewhat wildly. "On any other journey but this, my boy. Stay at home, and keep watch over Lady Hillyar. I will write secretly to you, and you must do the same to me. Now go."

So the next day at noon, on George's return from Croydon, he found Reuben waiting for him; and he gave him a few instructions in the library, and bade him wait in the courtyard to see the last of him.

Meanwhile Gerty had sat still in her dressing-room, with the child on her bosom, in the same state of stupid horror into which she had fallen on reading the terrible letter—utterly unable to realize her position, or decide on any line of action. But now she rose up, for she heard George's foot on the stair, and heard his voice, his kindest voice, crying "Gerty! Gerty!" But she did not answer; and George, opening the door of the room, was surprised to see her standing there pale and wan, with the terror which yesterday had been on his face reflected on hers.

"Gerty, are you ill?"

"Yes, George; I think I am ill. No, I am not ill. I am nervous. Nothing more."

"Gerty," said George, "I am going away."

"Yes, George."

"For a long time—a very long time."

"Yes, George. Am I to come?"

"No; you must stay where you are."

"Very well. Are you going to Australia?"

"No; to Paris first, and God only knows where afterwards."

"If you go to Vienna, I wish you would get me a set of buttons like Lady Bricbrack's. They are not very dear; but no one else has got them, and I should like to annoy her."

"Very well," said George. "Good-bye."

She kissed him—a cold little kiss—and he was gone. "And she can part from me like *that*," said poor George, bitterly, little dreaming how much she knew.

But she went to the window, for she knew that she could see him ride across a certain piece of glade in the park a long distance off. She had often watched for him here. It reminded her of the first time she had ever seen him, at the Barkers'. They had made him out a long distance off by his careless, graceful seat, and had said, "That is Hillyar." So she had seen him the first time four years before, when he had come riding to woo; so she saw him now for the last time for ever.

She saw the familiar old figure ride slowly across the open space in the distance and disappear; and she felt that she loved him still, and burst out wildly weeping, and cried out vainly, "George! George! come back to me, darling! and I will love you all the same!" A vain, vain cry. He passed out of her sight, and was gone for ever.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE FORGE IS  
LIT UP ONCE MORE.

I HAVE no doubt that I should have been very much astonished by every thing I saw, when I first found solid ground under my feet, and looked round to take my first view of Australia. I was prepared for any amount of astonishment: I will go further, I was *determined* to be astonished. But it was no good. The very first thing I saw, on the wharf, was Mrs. Bill Avery, in a blue cloth habit, with a low-crowned hat and feather, riding a three-quarters bred horse, and accompanied by a new, but devoted husband, in breeches, butcher's boots, a white coat, and a cabbage-tree hat!

That cured me of wondering. I pointed her out to my mother, and she gave utterance to the remarkable expressions which I have described her as using, when I mentioned this wonderful *rencontre* almost at the beginning of my narrative: in addition to which, as I now remember, she said that you might knock her down with a feather—which must be considered as a trope, or figure of speech, because I never saw a woman of any size or age stronger on her legs than my mother.

Yes, the sight of Mrs. Bill Avery, that was "a cockhorse," as Fred expressed it in his vigorous English, took all the wondering faculty out of me for a long time, or I should have wondered at many things; such as, why I should have begun thinking of a liberal and elegant caricature I had in my possession, of the Pope of Rome being fried in a frying-pan, and the Devil peppering him out of

a pepper-box; but this was not very wonderful, considering that the thermometer stood 120° in the shade, that it was blowing half a gale from the northward, and that the flying dust was as big as peas.

I might have wondered why Mr. Secretary Oxtou, that great and awful personage, sat upon the shafts of an empty dray, just as you or I might have done; and why, since he was so very glad to see Messrs. Dawson, Pollifex, and Morton, he didn't get up and come forward to shake hands with them, but contented himself by bellowing out welcomes to them from a distance from under his white umbrella; and why those three gentlemen, the moment they had shaken hands with him, and with Erne the moment they were introduced to him, sat down instantly, as though it were a breach of etiquette to stand on your feet. Why, once more, I felt exactly as though I had been doing a hard day's work on a hot day in August, whereas I had only stepped out of a boat, and given a hand, among ten more, to moving our things into a pile on the wharf. Why did I feel contented and stupid, and idle, although the sand was filling my eyes and ears?

Moreover, although I am now accustomed to the effects of a northerly wind, I wonder to this day why I wasn't surprised at this.

There approached us rapidly along the wharf a very tall and very handsome lady, dressed most beautifully, who bore down on us, followed by two labouring men, whom I knew, in an instant, by their faces, to be Irishmen. This lady pointed out us and our baggage to the Irishmen, who immediately began taking it away piece by piece on a truck, without one single word, while the lady stood and looked at us complacently. We did not interfere. It was probably all right. It might be, or might not be; but, after Mrs. Bill Avery in a hat and feathers, on a high-stepping horse, the laws of right and wrong, hitherto supposed to be fixed and immutable principles, had become of more than questionable validity. Here, in this



country, with this hot wind, it might be the duty of these Irishmen to steal our luggage, and we might be culpably neglecting ours by not aiding and abetting them. If you think I am talking nonsense, try the utter bodily and moral prostration which is induced by a heat of 125° in the shade, and the spectacle of a convict driving by in a carriage and pair.

The lady stood and looked at Emma, my mother, and myself, sole guardians of the luggage, except the children and Martha, with infinite contentment. Once she turned to one of the Irishmen, and said, "Tim, ye'd best tell Mrs. Dempsey that she'd better hurry and get their tay ready for um," but then she resumed her gaze, and I noticed that Emma seemed to meet her views amazingly. At last she spoke.

"Your brother Joe would like to see the prorogun, may be, my dear. I'll get um an order from James Oxton or some of 'em, if he's on shore in time. It's lucky I got Gerty's letter overland, or I'd not have expected you, and ye'd have had to go to the barx."

I soon understood the state of affairs. Lady Hillyar had written to the lady before us, "Miss Burke;" and she had taken a house for us, and had taken as much pains to make everything comfortable for our reception as if we were her own relations. When Joe's abilities were appreciated, and the battle royal was fought, our intimate relations with the Irish party, to most of whom we were bound by ties of gratitude for many kindnesses—kindnesses we should never have received but for the affectionate devotion of this good woman towards the friends of all those whom she had ever loved—enabled both Joe and myself to take a political position which would otherwise have been impossible.

But we are still on the wharf. I waited until every chattel had been carried off by the Irishmen, and saw my mother, Emma, and the children carried off in triumph by Miss Burke, who insisted on leading Fred and carrying his horse (or rather what remained of it,

for the head and neck, tail, and one leg had been lost overboard at various times, and the stand and wheels were now used for a cart); and I prepared to wait in the dust and sun until my father, Joe, Trevethick, and Tom Williams should come ashore in the next boat. But, the moment I was alone, Erne came and led me up to the empty wool-drays, in which the leading Conservative talent of the colony had seated itself under umbrellas.

"Don't tell me," the Honourable Mr. Dawson was saying energetically, "I tell you, Oxton, that *this* is the stuff we want. I don't hold with assisted emigration. Look at that lad before you, and talk to me of labour. I say, breed it. Take and breed your labour for yourself. That's his sweetheart going along the wharf now with old Lesbia Burke, carrying a bundle of shawls and an umbrella. Take and breed your labour for yourself."

This was reassuring and pleasant for a modest youth of nineteen standing alone before four grand gentlemen. I was relieved to find that the discussion was so warm that I was only noticed by a kindly nod. Mr. Oxton said, in a voice I now heard for the first time—a clear sharp voice, yet not wanting in what the singers call, I believe, "timbre" by any means:

"I tell you, Dawson, that I will not yield to this factious Irish cry. Every farthing of the land money which I can spare from public works shall go to the development of the resources of the colony by an artificial importation of labour. Dixi."

"Very good," said Dawson, "I did hope to find you more reasonable. Hang the resources of the colony! Wool is the proper resource of the colony. I want skilled labour kept up and unskilled labour kept down. A nice thing for the squatters if mines were found here—and mines there are, as sure as you're born. Why, I tell you—for we're all squatters here together—that I've got a piece of copper under my bed—down south—I won't mention names—as big as a quart bottle. If that was to get wind among

any Cornish roughs, you'd have shepherd's wages up to fifty pounds in a year. I don't want development; I want—"

"What suits your pocket, old fellow," said Mr. Oxtou, laughing. "Man, I made this colony, and I'll stick by it. These clever Irishmen are merely raising this cry for high-priced labour and cheap land to get me out, and themselves and their friends in. I *will not* interfere in the price of labour by legislation—"

"Right too! too! too!" sang the light-hearted Mr. Morton, speaking for the first time; "and so my sweet brother-in-law spends the capital of the colony by flooding the labour market with all the uncriminal offscourings of Old England. I thank heaven I never laid claims to consistency."

"Jack, you're a fool," said Mr. Oxtou. "Capital invested in importing labour pays a higher interest than that invested in any other way, even if one leaves out the question of human happiness—"

"Oh!" said the Honourable Mr. Dawson, "if you're drove to human happiness, you'd best make a coalition of it with Phelim O'Ryan, and have done. I'm not a-going to rat. I'll stick by you faithful, James Oxtou. But I did not expect to have my stomach turned with *that*."

"Well," said the Secretary, "there's one more session ended, and I am not out yet. Come, it is full time to get towards the house. Is this the young man that Lady Hillyar speaks of, Mr. Hillyar?"

"Oh dear no," said Erne; "this is my friend Jim. It is his brother Joe she means."

"Then perhaps you will take charge of this for your brother, Burton. If you are in by half-past four it will do. Good morning."

And so the four statesmen rose by degrees, and walked away very slowly, under their umbrellas along the wharf; never one of them venturing to make a remark without stopping and leaning against the wall for support. If it became necessary to reply, the other three would also at once support themselves against

the wall until the argument was finished. After which they would go slowly forward again.

I found that the paper I held in my hand was an order for two persons to be admitted into the Gallery of the House of Assembly, to witness the ceremony which Miss Burke had called the "prorogun." It appeared, as Erne afterwards told me, that that most good-natured little lady, Lady Hillyar, had written to Mr. Oxtou about Joe especially, telling him of his fancy for political life, and his disappointment owing to Sir George Hillyar's sudden death. She begged her dear James to make them elect him into the Assembly immediately, as he was as much fit to be there as that dear, kind old stupid Dawson (by whom she meant my friend, the Hon. Mr. D.) was to be in the Council. Mr. Oxtou could not quite do all she asked; but, for his dear Gerty's sake, he did all he could at present—gave Joe and myself a ticket for the prorogation of the Houses.

The instant that the rest of our party got on shore with the remainder of our things, I pounced on Joe, and showed him the order. The weary, patient look which had been in his face ever since his disappointment—and which, I had seen with regret, had only deepened through the confinement and inactivity of the voyage—gave way at once to a brighter and more eager look, as I explained to him what kind Mr. Oxtou had done for him.

"Jim, dear," he said, taking my arm, "I like this as well as if any one had given me ten pounds. I want to see these colonial parliaments at work. I would sooner it had been a debate; but I can see the class of men they have got, at all events. Let us come on at once, and get a good place."

So we packed off together along the wharf; and I, not being so profoundly impressed with anticipation of the majestic spectacle of representative government which we were about to witness as was Joe, had time to look about me and observe. And I could observe the better, because the fierce hot north wind, which all the morning had made

the town like a dusty brickfield, had given place to an icy blast from the south, off the sea, which made one shiver again, but which was not strong enough to move the heaps of dust which lay piled, like yellow snow-wreaths at each street corner, ready for another devil's dance, to begin punctually at nine the next morning.

The town was of magnificent proportions, as any one who has been at Palmerston within the last six years will readily allow ; but, at the time I am speaking of, the houses did not happen (with trifling exceptions) to be built. Nevertheless, the streets were wide and commodious, calculated for an immense amount of traffic, had the stumps of the old gum-trees been moved, which they weren't.

There was a row of fine warehouses, built solidly with freestone, along the wharf ; but, after one got back from the wharf, up the gentle rise on which the town stands, Palmerston might at that time be pronounced a patchy metropolis. At every street corner there was a handsome building ; but there were long gaps between each one and the next, occupied by half-acre lots, on which stood tenements of wood, galvanized iron, and tin, at all possible distances and at all possible angles from the main thoroughfare. As an instance, on the half-acre lot next to the branch of the Bank of New South Wales, a handsome Doric building, the proprietor had erected a slab hut, bark-roofed, lying at an angle of say 35° to the street. At the further end of this, and connected with it, was a dirty old tent, standing at an angle of 35° to the slab hut. In the corner formed by these two buildings was a big dog, who lived in a tin packing case, and mortified himself by bringing blood against the sharp edges of it every time he went in and out ; and who now, after the manner of the Easterns, had gone up on to the flat roof of his house in the cool of the evening, and was surveying the world. All the place was strewn with sheepskins ; and in front of all, close to the road, was an umbrella-tent, lined with green baize, in which sat the pro-

prietor's wife, with her shoes off, casting up accounts in an old vellum book. From the general look of the place, I concluded that its owner was a fellow-monger, and habitually addicted to the use of strong waters. Being thrown against him in the way of business a short time after, I was delighted to find that I was right in both particulars.

I don't know that this was the queerest establishment which I noticed that day. I think not ; but I give it as a specimen, because the Bank of New South Wales stands near the top of the hill ; and, when you top that hill, you are among the noble group of Government buildings, and from among them you look down over the police paddock on to the Sturt river again, which has made a sudden bend and come round to your feet. You see Government House, nobly situated on the opposite hill, and below you observe "The Bend," Hon. J. Oxtan's place, and many other buildings. But, more than all, looking westward, you see Australia—Australia as it is, strange to say, from Cape Otway to Port Essington, more or less—endless rolling wolds of yellow grass, alternated with long, dark, melancholy bands of colourless forest.

"Joe !" I said, catching his arm, "Joe ! look at that."

"At what ?"

"Why, at *that*. That's *it*."

"That's what ? old man," said Joe.

"Why, *it*. The country. Australeye. Lord A'mighty, ain't it awful to look at ?"

"Only plains and woods, Jim," said Joe, wondering. "It is not beautiful, and I don't see anything awful in it."

"But it's so lonely," I urged. "Does any one ever go out yonder, over those plains ? Does any one live over there ?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Joe, carelessly. "Oh yes, and miles beyond that. Come, let us get our places."

The House of Assembly—the Commons of the Colony—was the prettiest among all the pretty group of Government buildings, and most commodiously arranged inside also, with an excellent gallery. As soon as we were seated,

having about half an hour to wait, I began thinking of that desolate, wild-looking landscape I had just seen—thinking by what wonderful accident it came about that all the crime of the old country should have been sent for so many years to run riot in such a country as *that*. I could understand now, how any mind, brooding too long in solitude miles away from company, among dark forests or still more dreary plains, like those, might madden itself; and also began to understand how the convict mind under those circumstances sometimes burst forth with sudden volcanic fury, and devoured everything. “Fancy a man,” I said to myself, “taking the knowledge of some intolerable wrong into those woods with him, to nurse it until—” And I began to see what had led my thoughts this way almost unconsciously, for beside me was sitting the man I had seen with Mrs. Avery.

I confess that I felt a most eager curiosity to know something about this man. He was a good-looking fellow, about thirty or thereabout, with a very brown complexion, very bold eyes, and a somewhat reckless look about him. Now and afterwards I found out that he was a native of the colony, a very great stockrider, and was principal overseer to Mr. Charles Morton.

He was easily accessible, for he began the conversation. He talked for a considerable time, and of course he began to talk about horses. This was what I wanted. I said, I thought I saw him riding that morning on the wharf. He fell into my trap, and said Yes, he had been riding there with his wife.

I was very much shocked indeed; but I had not much time to think about it, for two ushers, coming in, announced his Excellency and the members of the Council. And enter his Excellency at the upper end of the room, resplendent in full uniform, accompanied by the commandant of the forces, and Mr. Midshipman Jacks—which latter young gentleman had, I regret to say, mischievously lent himself to an intrigue of the Opposition, and smuggled himself in at his Excellency's coat-tails, to spoil the effect.

Close behind the Governor, however, came no less than sixteen of the members of the Council, headed by Mr. Secretary Oxtan. And a nobler-looking set of fellows I have seldom seen together. My friend, the Hon. Mr. Dawson, was not quite so much at his ease as I could have wished him to be. He turned round whenever he coughed, and did it humbly behind his hand. He also opened the ceremony by dropping his hat—a tall, white, hairy one, like a Frenchman's—which made a hollow sound when it dropped, and rolled off the dais into the body of the hall, and was politely restored to him by the leader of the Opposition.

The members of the Assembly rose as the Governor and the Council came in. The Government members were below me; so I could not see them; but I had a good look at the Opposition, who were directly in front of me. The man who sat nearest the Speaker's chair was evidently the leader—the terrible Mr. Phelim O'Ryan, James Oxtan's bitter enemy, of whom we had heard so much on the voyage. I was prepared to hate this unprincipled demagogue, and probably should have done so, if I hadn't looked at him. No man could look at Phely O'Ryan, that noble, handsome, Galway giant, and not begin to like him; and, if he got ten minutes' talk with you—there. That is what makes the villain so dangerous.

Phelim O'Ryan is talented, well read, brave, witty, eloquent, and also one of the kindest and most generous of men. But—well, I wish sometimes he would tell you what he was going to do beforehand. It might be convenient. Lad as I was, when I looked at him that day, I still had some dim consciousness that that handsome gentleman was capable of saying a little more than he meant. But I did not look at him long; for my eyes were suddenly riveted on the man who stood next, partly behind him, and, as I looked, whispered in his ear. A pale man, with a vastly tall, narrow forehead, great, eager eyes, and a gentle sweet face—a face which would have won one at once, had it not been for a turn or twitch at the corner of his mouth, suggestive of

vanity. A most singular-looking man, though you could hardly say why; for the simple reason that his singularity was caused by a combination of circumstances, possibly assisted by slight affectation in dress. I had just concentrated my attention on him, when Joe, who had been talking to his neighbour, caught my arm, and said,

"Jim, do you see the man who is whispering to O'Ryan?"

I said, "I'm looking at him."

"Do you know who he is?"

"I want to, most extra particular," I answered, "for a queerer card I never saw turned."

"Man!" said Joe, squeezing my arm, "that's Dempsey. Dempsey, the great Irish rebel."

I said, "O, ho!" and had no eyes for any one else after this, but sat staring at the rebel with eager curiosity, or I might have wasted a glance on the man who stood next him—Dr. Toogood, a big man of portly presence, about sixty, with a large red face, carefully shaved, and an immense powerful jaw; whose long white hair fell back over his coat collar. A man with a broad-brimmed hat, worn at the back of his head, loose black quaker-like clothes, a wisp of a white tie round his neck with no collar, a Gampine umbrella, and big shoes. He is clever, honest, and wonderfully well-informed; but, what with always having a dozen irons in the fire at once, and being totally unable to keep a civil tongue in his head towards his scientific and political opponents, the dear Doctor has hitherto only succeeded in making a more or less considerable mess of it.

His Excellency congratulated both branches of the Legislature on the material and moral progress of the colony, which, if not so great as in some years, yet was still considerably in advance of others. Exports had slightly fallen off; but then, on the other hand, imports had slightly increased, principally in articles of luxury; and he need not remind them that a demand for such articles was a sure sign of general prosperity (to which Joe said, "O Lord!") In consequence of the even

balance of parties, the present Government had only carried through seven bills out of eleven, and although he would be the last man in the world to accuse the present Opposition of anything approaching to faction, yet still he saw with deep regret the rejection of such an exceedingly useful public measure as the Slaughter-house Act. However, the present Government had not chosen to make it a party question, and so he had nothing more to say. Crime had diminished, but, on the other hand, the public health had slightly deteriorated. He thanked them for their patient attention to their duties; and then he put on his cocked hat, and there was peace in Israel for six months.

I thought the speech rather too trivial for her Majesty's representative to deliver to what was really a most noble and impressive assembly, charged with the destinies of an infant nation. But Sir Richard Bostock knew what he was about, and so did the colony. Government had suffered several defeats in questions of public utility, which showed that the Opposition were factious and determined; and so they were nervous. But, on the other hand, Ministers had carried their seven best measures through, and so the Opposition were anxious also. The rejection of one more Government bill would probably have forced James Oxtou to appeal to the country; in which case the Opposition, officered almost entirely by Irishmen, and working the elections with a vigour and unanimity which the other two nations never equal, would most likely have gained seats enough to bring in their great measure from the Ministerial benches, with some hopes of its being carried. Both parties were therefore watching one another like two fierce dogs eager to be at one another's throats. Hence the ridiculously cautious speech of the Governor.

And what was this wonderful measure which the Radicals had determined to bring in at the first moment that there was the very slenderest hope of a majority? It was simply revolutionary,



and involved interests absolutely gigantic. I will explain it very shortly. The area of the colony was 460,000 square miles, of which area 124,000 square miles were occupied by that singular aristocracy called squatters, men who rent vast tracts of land from Government for the depasturing of their flocks, at an almost nominal sum, subject to a tax of so much a head on their sheep and cattle. The Radicals proposed to throw the whole of the land open for selection on the American principle, at, if possible, five shillings an acre. Should they succeed in this, they would instantly follow by a Forty-acre Qualification Bill; and, were one single House to be elected on those principles, every one knew that manhood suffrage would follow in a year. It was really a great and noble question; and no one who looked and saw such giants as Oxton and Pollifex on the one side, and as O'Ryan, Dempsey, and Toogood on the other, could for a moment doubt that it would be a splendid and heroic quarrel right bravely fought out.

So thought I, as Joe and I walked along the street together—he dragging his vast misshapen bulk along with sudden impatient jerks, gesticulating with his long arms and tossing his beautiful head up now and then as though he himself were in the forefront of the battle, as indeed he was in his imagination. And, when he turned round on me, and I saw that his face was flushed, and that his eyes were gleaming, and his close-set, Castlereagh mouth twitching with excitement, I said to myself, "There is a man fit to fight among the foremost of them, if they only knew."

Such were the people among whom, and the atmosphere in which, we strangely found ourselves. Though strange at first, it soon became quite familiar; and it is now without the slightest astonishment that I find our humble story, like the story of the life of every one in a very small community with liberal institutions, getting to some extent mixed up with the course of colonial politics.

*To be continued.*

## OUR GARDEN WALL.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

ALPHONSE KARR, in his charming little work entitled "A Tour round my Garden," shows how much pleasure and instruction may be found by careful eyes and thoughtful minds within the very narrow limits of an ordinary garden, to compensate the sedentary for being deprived of the enjoyments of travel. I have often thought that, if the garden wall, which he has strangely overlooked, were properly described, with all the objects and associations connected with it, the Frenchman's tour would have been made still more interesting. Though one of the most familiar and commonplace objects upon which the eye can rest, it has often suggested to myself many a pleasing and profitable train of thought in dull moods of mind, when

least disposed for inquiry or reflection. A few words, describing the points of attraction which it possesses, may not be out of place in these pages at a season when the worker becomes the observer, and serious pursuits are laid aside for a while to enjoy the *dolce-far-niente* of the country. Still small voices that were drowned by the bustle of life have now a chance of being heard amid the universal silence; and humble sights of nature—overlooked amid engrossing scenes of human interest—are now appreciated with all the zest of a holiday.

There is a structure before my eye at this moment which is my *beau idéal* of a garden wall. It stands on the brink of a little stream that clothes every mossy stone in its bed with sparkling folds of

liquid drapery, and makes its refreshing murmur heard all day long in the garden, animating it as if with the voice of a friend. The space of grassy sward outside between it and the water—green as an emerald—is jewelled with constellations of primroses, anemones, and globe-flowers, as fair in their own order and season as the cultivated flowers which make the borders within gay as the robe of an Indian prince. Three fairy birch-trees bend over it with their white stems glistening like marble columns in the sunlight, and their small scented leaves whispering some sinless secret to the breeze, or, when the wind is hushed, stealing coy glances at the wavering reflection of their beauty in the stream. It is built of rough stones loosely laid above each other without mortar or cement, and coped on the top with pieces of verdant turf taken from the neighbouring common; and would perhaps be considered very unsightly in the suburbs of a city when contrasted with the trim elegant walls surrounding villa gardens. In this situation, however, it is exceedingly appropriate, and harmonizes with the character of the scenery much better than if its stones were chiselled with nicest care, and laid together with all the skill of the architect. The eye of a painter would delight in its picturesqueness, and the accessories by which it is surrounded; for while offering an insuperable obstacle outside to little eager hands, covetous of forbidden fruit, ripe and especially unripe, it is yet sufficiently low inside to permit an unobstructed view of the scenery in front, allowing the eye to wander dreamily over the landscape as it billows away in light and shade—from the green corn-fields up to the pine-woods that hang like thunder clouds on the lower heights—and thence to the brown heathly moorlands, and on to the blue hills that melt away in sympathy and peace on the distant horizon. The garden which it surrounds—"the decorated border-land between man's home and nature's measureless domains"—is very pleasant. Bright with simple old-fashioned flowers, and nestled amid

verdure of blossoming tree and evergreen shrub, it looks like a little Eden of peace, sacred to meditation and love, which the noises of the great world reach only in soft and subdued echoes. Alas! the beautifully embroidered robe of nature too frequently reveals the suggestive outlines of some dead joy, though at the same time it mercifully softens over and conceals its ghastly details. There is a sepulchre in this garden too; and, though the wall has been high enough to bound the desires and fancies of simple contented hearts that never sought to mingle in gayer scenes, it has not been sufficiently high to exclude that dark mist of sorrow in which the light of life goes out, and the warmth of the heart gets chill. That wall is dear to me on account of its strangely-sweet memories of mingled joy and sadness. Eyes have gazed upon it as a part of their daily vision, that are now closed to all earthly beauty; voices beside it have sounded merrily at the sweetest surprise of the year, when the snow-drop first peered above the sod like the ghost of the perished flowers—voices that suddenly dropped off into silence when our life-song was loudest and sweetest; tender and true hearts under the caresses of its overshadowing birch-trees have known "of earthly bliss the all—the joy of loving and being beloved." Little fingers have often been busy among the flower-beds which it sheltered, leaving touching traces of their work in buds beheaded left lying artlessly beside the parent cluster—joys plucked too soon, and fugitive as they were pleasing; ay, and fresh marks of little teeth have often been found deep sunk in a dozen rosy apples growing temptingly within reach on the lowest bough—a trace of "original sin," natural to every juvenile descendant of Eve, and easy to forgive when, as in these instances, linked with so much innocence; it seemed so childlike to take a bite out of several ripening apples instead of plucking and finishing one. But apart from such human associations I have studied the wall often for its own sake; and to me it has all the interest

of a volume. Covered over with its bright frescoes of parti-coloured lichens and mosses, and crowned with its green turf, sprinkled with grass-blossoms and gay autumn flowers, it reminds me of the rich binding of an old book on which the artist has bestowed especial care; or rather it stands in relation to the garden like the quaintly illuminated initial of a monkish chronicle, telling in its gay pictures and elaborate tracery the various incidents of the chapter.

A rough stone wall in any situation is an object of interest to a thoughtful mind. The different shapes of the stones, their varied mineral character, the diversity of tints, flexures, and lines which occur in them, are all suggestive of inquiry and reflection. Sermons may thus be found in stones more profitable, perhaps, than many printed or spoken ones, which he who runs may read. The smallest appearances link themselves with the grandest phenomena; a minute speck supplies a text around which may cluster many a striking thought; and by means of a hint derived from a mere hue or line in a little stone—almost inappreciable to the general eye—may be reconstructed seas and continents that passed away thousands of ages ago—visions of landscape scenery to which the present aspect of the globe presents no parallel. This flexure of the stone tells me of violent volcanic eruptions, by which the soft, newly-deposited stratum—the muddy precipitate of ocean waters—heaved and undulated like corn in the breeze; that lamination, of which the dark lines regularly alternate with the grey, speaks eloquently of gentle waves rippling musically over sandy shores; and the irregular protuberances which I see here and there over the stone, are the casts of hollows or cracks produced in ancient tide-beaches by shrinkage—similar appearances being often seen under our feet, as we walk over the pavement of almost any of our towns. Yonder smooth and striated surface of granite is the Runic writing of the northern Frost-king, transporting me back in fancy to that wonderful age of ice when glaciers slid over mountain-

rocks, and flowed through lowland valleys, where corn now grows, and the snow seldom falls. And if there be a block of sandstone, it may chance to exhibit not only ripple-marks of ancient seas, but also footprints of unknown birds and strange tortoises that sought their food along the water's edge; and sometimes memorials of former things more accidental and shadowy than even these—such as fossil rain-drops, little circular and oval hollows, with their casts—supposed to be impressions produced by rain and hail, and indicating by their varying appearances the character of the shower, and the direction of the wind that prevailed when it was falling. Every one has heard of the crazy Greek who went about exhibiting a brick as a specimen of the building which he wished to sell; but in the structure of each geological system every stone is significant of the whole. Each fragment, however minute, is a record of the terrestrial changes that occurred when it was formed; ingrained in every hue and line is the story of the physical conditions under which it was produced. The ten commandments were not more clearly engraved on the two tables of stone than the laws of nature that operated in its formation are impressed upon the smallest pebble by the wayside. Its materials furnish an unmistakeable clue to its origin, and its shape unfolds its subsequent history. God has impressed the marks of the revolutions of the earth not merely upon large tracts of country and enormous strata of rock and mountain range—difficult of access and inconvenient for study—but even upon the smallest stone, so that the annals of creation are multiplied by myriads of copies, and can never be lost. Man cannot urge the excuse that he has no means of knowing the doings of the Lord in the past silent ages of the earth, that His path in the deep and His footsteps in the great waters are hopelessly unknown. Go where He may, look where He pleases, he will see the medals of creation—the signet marks of the Almighty—stamped indelibly and unmistakeably upon the

smallest fragments of the dumb, dead earth ; so that if he should ungratefully hold his peace, and withhold the due tribute of praise to the Creator, "the very stones would immediately cry out." Anatomists of scenery, who look beneath the surface to the skeleton of the earth, tell us that the features of mountains and valleys are dependent upon the geological character of their materials ; and, therefore, those who are skilful in the art can tell from the outlines of the landscape the nature of the underlying rocks, although no part of them crop above ground. A passing glance at the wayside walls will reveal the prominent geology of any district, just as the shape of a single leaf and the arrangement of veins on its surface suggest the appearance of the whole tree from which it has fallen, or as a fragment of a tooth or a bone can call up the picture of the whole animal of whom it formed a part. In Aberdeenshire, the walls are built principally of granite, grey and red ; in Perthshire, of gneiss and schist ; in Mid-Lothian and Lanarkshire, of sandstone ; and in the southern Scottish counties generally, of trap and porphyry. Sometimes they are composed of transported materials, not native to the district ; and the history of these opens up a field of delightful speculation. But there are no walls so interesting as those which occur in the mountain districts of Derbyshire, and in some parts of Lancashire. In almost every stone are embedded fossil shells, and those beautiful jointed corals called encrinites, which look like petrified lilies, and have no living representatives in the ocean at the present day. Even the most homogeneous blocks are found on close inspection to be composed entirely of mineralised skeletons, and to form the graves of whole hecatombs of shells and corallines long ago extinct. Strange to think that our limestone rocks are formed of the calcareous matter secreted by living creatures from the waters of the sea, and their own shelly coverings when dead, just as our coal-beds are the carbonized remains of former green, luxuriant forests. Thus, while walking along the highway in almost any locality, the most

hasty examination of the wall on either side furnishes the student of nature with abundant subjects for reflection ; and those lofty dykes, built by the farmer to keep in his cattle, or by the jealous proprietor to secure the privacy of his domain, while they forbid all views of the surrounding country, amply compensate for the restriction they impose by the truths engraven on their seemingly blank but really eloquent pages—like the tree which in winter permits us to see the glory of the sunset and the purple mountains of the west through its lattice-work of boughs, but in summer confines our vision by the satisfying beauty of its full foliage and blossoms.

The mist of familiarity obscures, if not altogether hides, the intrinsic wonder that there is about many of our commonest things. The existence of stones is an accepted fact, suggestive of no thought or feeling—unless, indeed, we stumble against one ; we look upon them as things of course, as natural in their way as the rocks, streams, and woods around—as a necessary and inevitable part of the order of creation ; and yet they are in reality well calculated to excite curiosity. Sterling, in his "Thoughts and Images," beautifully says, "Life of any kind is a confounding mystery ; nay, that which we commonly do not call life—the principle of existence in a stone or a drop of water—is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of time and space anything should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing ! The thought of an immense abysmal nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God ; and thus a grain of sand, being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something prodigious and immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence."—But this wonder and mystery stones share in common with all material things ; their own origin is a special source of interest. Many individuals, if they think at all about the subject, dismiss it with the easy reflection that stones were created at first

precisely in the form in which they are now found. It may, however, be laid down as a geological axiom, that no stones were originally created. The irregular aggregations of hardened matter so called formed part at first of regular strata and beds of rock, and were broken loose from these by volcanic eruptions, by the effects of storms or floods, by frost and ice, or by the slow corroding tooth of time. By these natural agencies the hard superficial crust of the earth has been broken up into fragments of various sizes, carried away by streams, glaciers, and landslips—modified in their shapes by friction against one another, and at last, after many changes and revolutions, deposited in the places where they are found. We owe the largest proportion of the stones scattered over the surface of the earth to glacial action—one of the most recent and remarkable revolutions in the annals of geology. Man is thus provided with materials for building purposes conveniently to his hand, without the necessity of blasting the rock, or digging into the earth; and it is a striking thought that the very same great laws by which the disposition of land and sea has been effected, and the great features of the earth modified, have conducted in their ultimate results to the homeliest human uses. The materials which the poorest cotter builds into the rudest crow-foot dyke around his kail-yard or potato-field, have been produced by causes that affected whole continents and oceans. The meanest and mightiest things are thus intimately associated and correlated—just as the forces that control the movements of the stars are locked up in the smallest pebble—keeping its particles together, a miniature world. Stones are sometimes out of place, as when they occur in a field or garden; but they form a feature in the æsthetic aspect of scenery which could not well be wanted. What a picturesque appearance do the huge rough boulders strewn over its surface impart to the green hill side! especially if, as is often the case, their sides are painted and cushioned with that strange cryptogamic vegetation, which one sees nowhere else, and a daring rowan tree

plants itself in their crevices and waves its green and crimson flag of victory over soil and circumstances. There are few things more beautiful than the pebbly beach of a mountain lake; and some of the finest subjects for a picture may be found by the painter along the rough, rocky course of a mountain stream, where the stones form numerous snowy waterfalls, and the spray nourishes hosts of luxuriant mosses and wild flowers. Although dumb, and destitute of sonorous properties, how large a share of the sweet minstrelsy of nature is contributed by them. They are the strings in the harp of the stream, from which the snowy fingers of the water-nymph draw out ever-varying melody—a ceaseless melody, heard when all other sounds are still. By their opposition to the current they create life and music amid stillness and monotony, change the river from a dull flat canal into a thing of wild grandeur and animation, and redeem the barren waste from utter silence and death. Commonest of all common things, it is strange to think that there are parts of this rocky material earth of ours where stones are as rare as diamonds, and the smallest pebble is a geological curiosity. The natives of some of the coral islands of the Pacific procure stones for their tools—this being the only purpose for which they use them—solely from the roots of trees that have been carried away, with their load of earth and stones adhering to them, by the waves from the nearest mainland, and grounded upon their shores. So highly are these stray waifs of the ocean valued that a tax is laid upon them, which adds considerably to the revenue of the chiefs. This reminds us of the preciousness of stones during what is called the stone age of our own country—whose date is so apocryphal—when flint and granite were the sole materials employed for making the various implements of war and of household use, and these rude implements were buried with the dead in the stone cist under the huge cromlech or grey cairn. Those relics dug up in the times of our forefathers before the attention of antiquaries or geologists was directed



to the subject, were accounted as holy stones, supposed to have formed part of the cabalistic appendages of the necromancer of bygone ages; and were in some instances enveloped in leather or encased in gold, and worn as amulets round the neck.

Many of the stones of the garden wall before me are covered over with a thin coating of vegetation of various hues and forms. The tints from nature's palette have been applied with wonderful skill; the warmer and more vivid hues gradually blending with the grey and neutral ones. By this means, the harsh, artificial aspect of the wall has disappeared, and an air of natural beauty has been imparted to it, exquisitely harmonizing with the white trunks of the birch trees, the green flower-sprinkled bank of the streamlet, and the blue cloud-flecked softness of the over-arching sky. Instead of disfiguring, it now adorns the landscape, and the eye rests upon its mottled, softly-rounded sides and top with unwearied pleasure. It affords an illustration of the common truth, that there are no distinct lines of demarcation, no harsh, abrupt objects allowed in nature. Even man's work must come under this law; and, wherever nature has the power, she brings back the human structure to her own bosom, and, while dismantling and disintegrating it, clothes it with a living garniture of beauty, such as no art of man can imitate. The farmer may keep the meadow or corn-field distinct from the surrounding scene, heavy with uniform greenness, or ugly with the discordant glare of yellow weeds; but, as soon as nature obtains the control of it, when out of cultivation, she brings it into harmony with the landscape by carefully spreading her wild-flowers over it in such a way as to restore the proper balance of colour. As the earth is rounded into one great whole, so all its objects are connected with each other, not merely by laws of structure and dependence, but also by close æsthetic relations. The rock, decked with moss, lichen and fern, shades in sympathy of hue and outline with the

verdure of wood and meadow around it; the mountain and the ocean melt on their farthest limits into the blue of the sky; the river and the lake do not preserve the distinctness of a separate element, but blend with the solid land, by mirroring its scenery on their tranquil bosom; and the very atmosphere itself, by its purple clouds on the horizon, raising the eye gradually and insensibly from the dull, tangible earth to the transparent heavens, becomes a part of the landscape instead of the more empty space that surrounds it.

While this picturesque effect of the wall is admired, the objects which produce it are very generally overlooked. If carefully examined, however, they will be found very interesting, both on account of their peculiarities of structure and the associations connected with them. Almost every stone is made venerable, as also the adjoining fruit trees and espaliers, with the grey rosettes of that commonest of all lichens, the Stone Parmelia. This plant used to be extensively employed by the Highlanders in dyeing woollen stuffs of a dirty purple, or rather reddish-brown, colour. By the Arabian physicians it was administered, under the name of *âchnen*, for purifying the blood; and it was also an ingredient in the celebrated *unguentum armarium*, or sympathetic ointment, which was supposed to cure wounds if the weapon that inflicted them were smeared with it, without any application to the wounds themselves. Besides this lichen, the ointment consisted of human fat, human blood, linseed oil, turpentine, and Armenian bole, mixed together in various proportions. A present of the prescription for this precious mess was made by Paracelsus, about the year 1530, to the Emperor Maximilian, by whom it was greatly valued. Much was written, in the medical treatises of the time, both for and against the efficacy of such applications; and, in an age when prescriptions as a rule were founded upon some real or fancied resemblance between the remedy and the disease, the Stone Parmelia was an object of great importance. It is now sold

by the London herbalists solely for the use of bird-stuffers, who line the inside of their cases, and decorate the branches of the miniature trees, upon which the birds perch, with it. There are also numerous specimens on the wall of the Yellow *Parmelia*, no less renowned than its congener in the annals of medicine as an astringent and febrifuge. By Dr. Sander, in 1815, it was successfully administered as a substitute for Peruvian bark in intermittent fevers; the great Haller recommended its use as a tonic in diarrhoea and dysentery; and Willemet gave it with success in cases of hæmorrhages and autumnal contagious fluxes. In the arts it is employed at the present day as a dye-stuff, yielding a beautiful, golden, yellow, crystallizable colouring matter, called chrysophanic acid, which is nearly identical with the yellow colouring matter of rhubarb; and, like litmus, it may be used as a test for alkalies, as they invariably communicate to its yellow colouring matter a beautiful red tint. It is the most ornamental of all our lichens. Its bright, golden thallus, spreading in circles, two or three inches in diameter, and covered with numerous small orange shields, decks with lavish profusion the rough, unmortared walls of the poor man's cottage; and many a rich patch of it may be seen covering the crumbling stones of some hoary castle or long-ruined abbey as with a sunset glory. Growing in a concentric form, when it attains a certain size, the central parts begin to decay and disappear, leaving only a narrow circular rim of living vegetable matter. In this manner it covers a whole wall or tree with spreading ripples of growth and decay—analogous to the fairy-rings formed by the growth and decay of mushrooms in a grassy field. This yellow wafer of vegetation is attached to the stone by slender white hairs on the under surface, looking like roots, although they do not possess the power of selecting and appropriating the materials of growth peculiar to such organs. We know not by what means lichens derive nourishment. Some species certainly do disintegrate the stones on

which they occur, and absorb the chemical and mineral substances which they contain, as is clearly proved when they are analysed. But a far more numerous class are found only on the hardest stones, so closely appressed and level with their surface that they seem to form an integral part of them. In this way they continue for years, ay, centuries and ages, unchanged—their matrix as well as their own intense vitality resisting all decay. There are instances of encaustic lichens covering the glaciated surfaces of quartz on the summits of our highest hills, which may, probably, be reckoned among the oldest of living organisms. Such species can obviously derive no benefit save mere mechanical support from their growing-place, and must procure their nourishment entirely from the atmosphere, and their colouring matter from solar reflection.

The eye of the naturalist, educated by practice to almost microscopic keenness, can discern scattered over the wall numerous other specimens of this singular vegetation, appearing like mere discolorations or weather-stains on the stones. Some are scaly fragments so minute as to require very close inspection to detect them. Others are indefinite films or nebulae of greyish matter, sprinkled with black dots about the size of a pin's head. Others are granular crusts of a circular form, with a zoned border; and when two or three of them meet together, they do not coalesce and become absorbed into one huge overgrown individual. The frontier of each is strictly preserved by a narrow black border, however it may grow and extend itself, as zealously as that of France or Austria. The law against removing a neighbour's landmark is as strictly enforced in lichen as in human economy. When a stone is covered with a series of these independent lichens, it looks like a miniature map of Germany or America; the zoned patches resembling the states, the black dots the towns, and the lines and cracks in the crust the rivers. There is one species growing on pure quartz, an exquisite piece of natural mosaic of glossy black

and primrose yellow, called the geographical lichen from this resemblance.

Several of the stones are sprinkled with a grey, green, or yellow powder, as dry and finely pulverized as quicklime or sulphur. These grains are either the germs of lichens awaiting development, or they are individual vital cells, capable of growing into new plants, in the absence of proper fruit. The pulverulent lichens are always barren, because a strict individualisation of each cell is at variance with the regular formation of organic fructification, since in the latter the individuality of the separate cells appears most circumscribed and checked. It is difficult to distinguish these pulverulent masses from the powder of chalk, verdigris, or sulphur; and yet they are endowed with the most persistent vitality, which almost no adverse circumstances can extinguish. The principle of life resides in each of these grains as truly as in the most complicated organism; and, though reduced here to the very simplest expression of which it is capable, it is not divested of its mystery, but on the contrary rendered more wonderful and incomprehensible. A wide and impassable barrier separates these life-particles from the grains of the stone on which they occur, and yet it is very difficult in some cases to distinguish the one from the other. The extreme simplicity of structure displayed by these protophytes is more puzzling to the botanist than any amount of complexity would have been. The rudimentary stages of all the flowerless plants appear in this singular form. The germs of a moss are identical with those of a lichen, and the germs of a lichen with those of a fern or sea-weed. These powdery grains represent the basis from which each separate system of life starts, to recede so widely in the highest forms of each order. The advocates of spontaneous generation or development—for there is essentially little difference between these two theories—have endeavoured to derive from this circumstance a plausible argument in support of their views. They assert that the germs of all cryptogamic plants are not

only apparently, but essentially the same; and that the differences of their after development are owing to accidental circumstances of soil, situation, and other physical conditions. If they happen to fall upon decaying substances they become fungi; if they are scattered in soil they become ferns or mosses; if water is the medium in which they are produced they grow into algæ; and on dry stones and living trees they spread into the flat crusts of lichens. Plausible as this idea looks, it is not borne out by experiment, for the same germs sown in the same soil, exposed to precisely similar conditions, develop one into a moss, another into a lichen, a third into a fungus, and a fourth into a fern: showing clearly that though we cannot discover the difference between their rudimentary germs, a real distinction does nevertheless exist—that the seeds of these minute insignificant plants are in reality as different from each other, as the seed of an apple-tree is different from that of a pine or palm. The developments of nature are not regulated by accidents and caprices; they are the results of fixed, predetermined laws, operating in every part of every living organism, from the commencement of its growth to the end of its life-history. And the similarity which we find between them is not the consequence of a lineal descent of one from another, but only a feature of the same grand plan of construction; the resemblance is not the result of anything in these forms themselves; it is a purely intellectual relation of plan. With this small piece of granite before me, then, what solemn and far-reaching questions are connected! Geologists of the Plutonian and Neptunian schools have keenly contested the mode of its formation; while arguments drawn from the living particles of vegetation on its surface have been advanced in support of the "development" and "origin of species" theories. Could we explain the mysteries locked up in this little stone, we should be furnished with a key to the mysteries of the universe.

When the powdery lichens occur in

large quantities, they give a very picturesque effect to rocks, trees, and buildings. The trunks and branches of trees in the outskirts of large towns are covered with a green powder, fostered by the impurity of the air; a similar substance is also produced in damp, low-lying woods, where the trees are so densely crowded as to prevent proper ventilation and free admission of light. In Roslin Chapel, near Edinburgh, the curious effect of the rich carvings of the walls and pillars is greatly enhanced by a species of *Lepraria*, of a deep verdigris colour, covering them with the utmost profusion. It gives an appearance of hoary antiquity to the structure, and is the genuine hue of poetry and romance. On boarded buildings, old palings, and walls, may be sometimes seen a greyish film sprinkled with very red particles, turning yellow if rubbed, and exhaling when moistened a very perceptible odour of violets; from which circumstance it has obtained the name of *Lepraria Jolithus*. Linnaeus met with it frequently in his tour through *Celand* and *East Gothland*, covering the stones by the roadside with a blood-red pigment. It also spreads over the wet stones of *St. Winifred's Well* in North Wales; and is supposed to be the blood of the martyred saint—a superstition, which, like the dark stain in the floor of *Holyrood palace*, one has not the heart to disturb. I know not if others have realized the sentiment, but I have often felt as if I could willingly have given up all the knowledge I possess of the structure and history of those obscure productions, in exchange for the power of being able to look upon them with the childish wonder which in early unscientific days they inspired. There is an air of mystery and obscurity about them peculiarly fascinating, which it is not desirable to dispel by the garish light of technical knowledge. Each one of them seemed a self-discovered treasure of childhood, as much our own as if God had made it on purpose and presented it to us; and it was ever a part of our joy to think that we had found something which no one else

knew or had seen before, and that we could bestow upon it pet names of our own. They were links connecting us with an unseen, unexplored world, where the marvellous was quite natural—parts of the scenery amid which elves and fairies, and all the denizens of the heaven that lies about us in our infancy, lived. So many strange things, the existence of which we never suspected, then presented themselves to our notice every day, that nothing seemed impossible or supernatural. Precise limits have now fixed for us the extent of our domain, and we know everything within it. "First a slight line, then a fence, then a wall; then the wall will rise, will shut in the man, will form a prison, and to get out of it he must have wings. But around the child neither walls nor fences—a boundless extent, all iridescent with brilliant colours." How full to the brim with beauty were the flower-cups that were on a level with the eyes of the little botanist. We men have outgrown the flower and all its mystical loveliness!

It is among the mosses of the wall, however, that the richest harvest of beauty and interest may be gathered. Long have my mingled wonder and admiration been given to these tiny forms of vegetable life—beautiful in every situation—spreading on the floor of ancient forests yielding carpets that "steal all noises from the foot," and over which the golden sunbeams chase each other in waves of light and shade throughout the long summer day—throwing over the decaying tree and the mouldering ruin a veil of delicate beauty—honoured everywhere of God to perform a most important though unnoticed part in this great creation. Well do I remember the bright July afternoon when their wonderful structure and peculiarities were first unveiled to me by one long since dead, whose cultivated eye saw strange loveliness in things which others idly passed, and whose simple warm heart was ever alive to the mute appeals of humblest wild-flower or tiniest moss. There was opened up to me that day a new world of hitherto

undreamt-of beauty and intellectual delight; in the structural details of the moss which illustrated the lesson, I got a glimpse of some deeper aspect of the Divine character than mere intelligence. Methought I saw Him not as the mere contriver or designer, but in His own loving nature, having His tender mercies over all His works—displaying care for helplessness and minuteness—care for beauty in the works of nature, irrespective of final ends or utilitarian purposes. Small as the object before me was, I was impressed—in the wonder of its structure, at once a means and an end, beautiful in itself and performing its beautiful uses in nature—not with the limited ingenuity of a finite, but with the wisdom and love of an Infinite Spirit. To that one unforgotten lesson, improved by much study of these little objects alike in the closet and in the field, I owe many moments of pure happiness, the memory of which I would not part with for all the costly, painted pleasures, to gather which, as they ripen high on the wall, the world impatiently tramples down things that are far sweeter and more lasting.

A careful search will reveal upwards of a score of mosses on our garden-wall, in almost every stage of growth, from a dim film of greenness to radiating plumes spreading over the stones, and cushion-like tufts projecting out of the crevices, and crowned with a forest of pink fruit-covered stems. One is amazed at the exuberance of life displayed on so small and unpromising a surface. It gives us a more graphic idea than we commonly possess of the vast and varied resources of creation. Though so much alike in their general appearance as to be often confounded by a superficial eye, all these species are truly distinct; and when closely examined exhibit very marked and striking differences. They are not slightly varying expressions and modifications of the same Divine idea; but rather different ideas of creative thought. Each of them stands for a separate revelation of the Infinite Mind; and the fact that the same plan of construction,

the same type of character, runs through them all, only indicates that there is everywhere, in the minutest as well as most conspicuous parts of creation, an undeviating regard to unity and harmony.

Prominent among these mosses are the curious little *Tortulas*, found abundantly on every old wall—when there is sufficient moisture and shade—but loving especially the rude stone gable and thatched roof of the Highland cottage, covering them with deep cushions of verdure till the whole structure appears more like a work of nature than man's handiwork. I have always great pleasure in looking at this tribe of mosses through a lens. The leaves are beautifully transparent and reticulated, and readily revive, when scorched and shrivelled by the sunshine, under the first shower of rain. The most noticeable thing about the *Tortulas* is the curious fringe which covers the mouth of the seed-vessel. In all the species, of which there are about fourteen in this country, the fringe is twisted in different ways, like the wick of a candle. This peculiarity may be easily seen by the naked eye, as it projects considerably beyond the fruit-vessel, and is of a lighter colour; but the microscope reveals it in all its beauty. It is a wide departure from the ordinary type, according to which the teeth of the fruit-vessel are made to lock into each other, and thus form a wheel-like lid, composed of separate spokes, which fill up the aperture. The great length of the teeth in the *Tortulas* prevents this arrangement of them; their tops are, therefore, twisted, as the farmer twists the sheaves at the top of his wheat-stack, so as to keep out the rain; and this plan seems to answer the purpose as effectually as the normal one. Some of the *Tortula* tufts are of a pale reddish colour, as if withered by old age, or scorched by the sun. This peculiar blight extends in a circular form from the centre to the circumference of a tuft, where filmy grey textures, like fragments of a spider's web interweaving among the leaves, proclaim the presence of an obscure fungus, in whose



deadly embrace the moss has perished. Thus even the humblest kinds of life are preyed upon by others still humbler in the scale; and, perhaps, there is no self-existent organic structure in nature. Besides this parasite, there are other species of life nourished by these tufts. If one of them be saturated with moisture, and a drop squeezed out upon a glass, and placed under a good microscope, the muddy liquid will be found swarming with animalcules, little animated cells, wandering with electric activity amid the endless mazes of the strange forest-vegetation; and among them there is sure to be one or more lordly Rotiferas, lengthening and contracting their transparent bodies as they glide rapidly out of view, or halting a moment to protrude and whirl their wheel-like cilia in the process of feeding—the most interesting of microscopic spectacles.

One of the commonest of the mosses on the wall is the little grey *Grimmia*; looking, with its brown capsules nestling among the leaves, like tiny round cushions, stuck full of pins. The nerves of the leaves project beyond the point, and give an appearance of hoariness to the plant, in fine keeping with the antique character of the wall. This moss grows on the barest and hardest surfaces—on granite and trap rocks, where not a particle of soil can lodge; and yet every cushion of it rests comfortably upon a considerable quantity of earth carefully gathered within its leaves, which must have been blown there as dust by the wind, or disintegrated by its own roots from the substance of the rock. Our garden wall displays two or three tiny tufts of a curious moss occurring not very frequently on moist shady walls built with lime. It is called the Extinguisher moss, because the cover of the fruit-vessel is exactly like the extinguisher of a candle, or the calyx of the yellow garden *Escholtzia*. We have also a few specimens, in the more retired crevices, of the *Bartramia* or Apple-moss—one of the loveliest of all the species—with its bright green hairy cushions and round capsules, like fairy apples. It fruits most abundantly in

spring, appearing in its full beauty when the primrose makes mimic sunshine on the brae, and the cuckoo gives an air of enchantment to the hazel copse. A sub-alpine species, it is somewhat uncommon in lowland districts; but it would be well worth while to grow it in a fernery. Its Latin name appropriately perpetuates the memory of John Bartram—one of the most devoted of American naturalists—a simple farmer and self-taught, yet a man of great and varied attainments, concealed by a too modest and retiring disposition. Linnaeus pronounced him “the greatest natural botanist in the world.” It is a touching thing to think of the names of scientific men, great in their own generation, being linked with such obscure and fragile memorials. They have passed away, and with them the memory of all they achieved; and nothing now speaks of them save a little plant, of which not one in a thousand has ever heard, and which only a few naturalists see at rare intervals. There are hundreds of such names in the nomenclature of botany, worthy of a prominent and enduring remembrance, of which almost nothing more is known than this simple association. It is the plant alone that perpetuates them—history and epitaph all in one—like the chronology of the antediluvian patriarchs; and we are apt to smile when we read of the gratification which the illustrious Linnæus felt when the little bell-flowered *Linnaea*, pride of the Swedish woods, was baptized with his name—regarding it as a pledge of immortality; for if there had been nothing but this floral link to connect his memory with future ages, very few would have known that there ever was such a man.

The line of turf along the top of the wall is a perfect Lilliputian garden. It bears a bright and interesting succession of plants from January to December. The little lichens and mosses claim exclusive possession of it during the winter months; for these simple hardy forms of life are most luxuriant when the weather is most severe; they are the first to come to any spot, and the last to leave it—growing through sun-

shine and gloom with meek and unruffled serenity. There are whole colonies of that most social of all cryptogams, the Hair-moss, looking with their stiff and rigid leaves, like a forest of miniature aloes; preserving during summer and autumn a uniform dull green appearance, but breaking out in spring into a multitude of little cups of a brilliant crimson colour, nestling among the uppermost leaves, and rivalling in beauty the gayest blossoms of flowers. Hardly less interesting are the scores of Cup-lichens—holding up in their mealy sulphur-coloured goblets dewy offerings to the sun, like vegetable Ganymedes. And the lover of the curious will be sure to notice the livid leathery leaves of the Dog lichen, tipped with brown shields like finger-nails, that grow redder in the piercing Christmas cold—bringing us back in fancy to the days of Dr. Mead, the famous physician and friend of Pope, Bentham, and Newton, by whom it was first brought into notice as a remedy for hydrophobia. These and numerous other minute forms, too obscure to mention, may be seen all the year round; and, dim though the sunbeams of winter may be, they search them out in their hidden nooks, and stimulate them to life and energy, and the glow of sunrise or sunset, that sets a mountain range on fire, rests lovingly on the smallest moss or lichen, intimating that it too has its place and its relations in this wide universe. When the first mild days of early spring come, the Draba or Whitlow-grass puts forth its tiny white flowers, and greets the returning warmth, when there is not a daisy in the meadow, or a single golden blossom on the whinny hill-side. Then follows a bright array of chance wild flowers, wayward adventurers, whose seeds the winds have wafted or the birds have dropped upon this elevated site, their colours deepening as the season advances—old Thyme, ever new, hanging down in fragrant festoons of purple; yellow Bedstraw—the Chrysothrix of flowers—like masses of golden foam, scenting the breeze with honey sweetness, and ever murmurous with bees; chimes of Blue-bells hanging from the

wall as from a belfry, and tolling with their rich peal of bells—which the soul alone can hear—the knell of the departing flowers. A fringe of soft Meadow-grass covers the turf, whose silken greenness forms the ground colour on which these bright patterns are embroidered; while its silvery panicles hang in all their airy grace over the flowers, like gossamer veils, greatly enhancing their beauty. That patch of grass softens no human footfall of care, but it is refreshing to the eye, and the robin rests upon it, as it pours out its low sweet chant, according well with the sere leaves and the dim stillness of autumn, the calm decay of earth and the peace divine of heaven. I love in the silent eve, when there is scarcely a breath in the garden, and the sunset is flushing the flowers and purpling the hills, to sit near that richly decorated wall, in full view of its autumn flowers, smiling on the lap of death, for ever perishing, but immortal—joys that have come down to us pure and unstained from Eden, and amid a world of progress will be transmitted without a single leaf being changed to the latest generation. Looking at them, and feeling to the full the beauty and wonder of the world, I enjoy all that the coming centuries can bestow upon the wisest and the happiest of our race. Voiceless though they are, they have a secret power to thrill my heart to its very core. They speak of hope and love, bright as their own hue and vague as their perfume; they speak of the mystery of human life, its beautiful blossoming and its sudden fading; and, more than all, they speak of Him, who, holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, found on earth most congenial fellowship with these emblems of purity and innocence; whose favourite resort was the garden of Gethsemane; whose lesson of faith and trust in Providence was illustrated by the growth of the lilies; and who, at last—as the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley—was laid in a sepulchre in a garden, leaving behind there a sweet and lasting perfume, which makes the grave to all who fall asleep in Him a bed of sweet and refreshing rest.

## GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

"Girls are naturally weak, and therefore do not require strengthening." Absurd as this may sound—monstrous as this may sound—it is repeated to me many times in the year by people of almost every rank of life and every degree of education. "Girls are naturally weak, and a feeble organization is natural to women." There is a class of errors not inaptly called *vulgar* errors, though not quite in the sense of the strictly literal interpretation of the word; but this is a vulgar error in its most vulgar sense, for it seeks to screen wrong, and ignorance, and pretension, and to perpetuate the evils springing from these, under the stolen mantle of knowledge.

During the period of nursery life are not our girls as healthy and as hardy as our boys? Are they not as active and as strong? Have they not limbs as firm and frames as lithe, cheeks as ruddy and spirits as high? And why? Because, the laws of their growth being the same, and the manner of their lives being the same, the same also is their mental and bodily advancement—identical their progress. But from the day that brother and sister part company at the nursery door the manner of their lives is changed; and, while that of the boy is usually a healthy, hopeful, happy march on to maturity, that of the girl is a dull and languishing advance—uncertain, contradictory, monotonous, artificial. The laws of their growth remain identical, the agents that promote it the same; but the whole manner of the administration of these agents is changed, and, in the case of girls, the natural action of these laws is perverted.

When a lady opens a school she usually does so in an ordinary dwelling-house. The bedrooms—large or small, detached or collected, as the case may

be—are allotted to the pupils; and the drawing-room or library is appropriated as the schoolroom. But few drawing-rooms or libraries, except in houses which we rarely see devoted to this purpose, possess space enough, or admit air or light enough, for a schoolroom; and for the simple reason that they were never intended for the purpose. It was never anticipated when they were built that they would be required to hold air for so many pairs of lungs, and during so many consecutive hours of habitation.

I have already, when recommending a judicious use of the bath in the nursery and in boys' schools, endeavoured to show that the cleansing of the skin by ablution is but one of its many advantages; for in many essential points bathing is virtually exercise, and in a modified form possesses some of its most valuable attributes. If for these reasons the bath was important to nursery children and to schoolboys, how much more urgently is it required by girls, who, as we shall presently see, have absolutely no exercise at all deserving of the name? And yet how seldom do we hear of a school for girls that has made provision for the proper ablutions of its young and delicate occupants. Do we not rather know that the custom is to permit them daily to put on, and nightly to remove, their manifold and bulky and close-fitting garments from a skin that water or brush or towel never touches from Midsummer to Christmas and from Christmas to Midsummer?

After the routine duties of dressing and prayers, it is customary for school-girls to go straight to the breakfast-table. Their lungs have not been inflated, nor the chest uplifted, by a single breath of the external air; the pulse has not been quickened and the

nerves have not been braced by the refreshing tonic of the bath; so the morning meal needs to be both stimulating and substantial, at once to arouse the appetite and to satisfy it. For the activity and energy of both mind and body will be greatly dependent upon it; and they are just beginning the day. And what an exhilarating, stimulating meal is set before our delicately-nurtured girls, and how nourishing and sustaining for their fast-growing frames at this age, when the drain upon its resources is at its greatest! Bread and butter, with milk and water, or weak tea, daily, without change or addition throughout the half year. We have just discovered that we have been killing our soldiers by thousands by our persistent neglect of a few sanitary laws, the principal of which are these two—a proper supply of fresh air, and a reasonable variety of diet. Now these were all men of mature frame and approved health and strength, with whom variety was not so important; and the early lives of the men who fill the ranks of our army have not, we may suppose, been very pampered; yet the impure air of barrack life and the unvaried dinner of boiled beef sapped the physical energies of these hardy and hard-faring men, and consumption, more potent than an enemy's sword, slew them by thousands.

From the breakfast-table it is not unusual to go straight to the school-room, there to be occupied for three or four consecutive hours at mental task-work. Not yet have they breathed the external air, nor stretched their young limbs but in passing from one room to another. But after the school hours come the relief and the change, the amusement and the relaxation, the recreation and the exercise—all at once, and all in one—a veritable *bonne bouche* of physical enjoyment. Having attired themselves in bonnet and mantle, linked together arm-in-arm, two and two, they go forth—for a walk! As they did yesterday, as they will do to-morrow, and the next day, and the next; at the same hour, in the same order, along the

same road, the same distance—wheeling round at the same spot, and back again at the same pace. And no one must laugh or speak except to her companion, and then only in an under-tone, because loud speaking is unladylike; and no one must quit the path, or run or jump, because all romping is unladylike. This is when the weather is fine. When it is not fine they must stay within doors, the younger ones playing in the school-room, if they can contrive to do so without disarranging the books or tables or making a noise, and the elder ones sauntering about the room, writing letters, reading, or listlessly turning over the sheets of music or drawing in their portfolios. A welcome sound is the dinner bell; not that they are hungry—that would be unladylike—but many are faint, and all are weary.

If consumption thinned the deep ranks of our grenadiers, how comes it to spare this most melancholy procession of a girls' school? Does it spare it? We know sadly to the contrary, but are content to look upon it as irremediable; to acquiesce in the assertion that girls are naturally weak and sickly, and that a feeble organization is natural to women.

If the whole establishment cannot be built expressly for this all-important purpose, as recommended for boys' schools, the first act of occupation should be to erect a school-room on the most approved plans for ensuring perfect lighting and ventilation, or, if this cannot be done, so to alter the special room as to produce a full admission and uniform distribution of light, and a free opportunity for the change and interchange of the air with the least exposure to the inmates. It is wonderful how much may be done in this respect in promoting their health and comfort—almost as wonderful as the little that is done.<sup>1</sup>

The question of ladies' dress is hedged about with many difficulties. The articles of female attire are so numerous,

<sup>1</sup> There is no better mode of warming a school-room of moderate dimensions, and at the same time of keeping pure the air, than by open fireplaces, with as little metal and as much brick frontage as possible.

some of them of such mysterious use, and of such intricate construction, that it is not easy at first sight to perceive in them any very clear design or system of bodily covering. With the dress of boys or of men it is different. At a glance we see the number and the nature of their garments, the materials of which they are made, their shape and size; and we can judge at once of their suitableness to the age, health, and habits of the wearer. Take that of the schoolboy. Besides the universal skin-covering, linen or calico, his dress consists of three garments:—trousers for the lower limbs and lower region of the trunk, waistcoat for the upper region, and the tunic or jacket as a second covering, capable of being worn buttoned or unbuttoned at the desire of the wearer; the whole generally of some fabric woven of wool, soft, warm, light, and loose. In exceptional instances a duplicate of the first-mentioned garment, in the shape of drawers, is worn. In adult life this costume is varied but by the addition of skirts to the jacket, converting it into the coat. In summer or winter the dress is the same, differing only in texture of material, with an upper coat for cold or wet weather, large, loose, comfortable, fit alike for city-street or country-road, saddle or carriage. For this country and climate nothing can be better for boy or man.

How complicated in comparison appears female costume! And yet, on a close examination, it is not only simple and clear and sensible enough in its original plan, but it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to that which we have just been describing.

Given the skin-covering of linen or cotton for daily or bi-weekly change, common to all ages and both sexes, there is then the covering for the chest or upper region of the trunk, corresponding to the waistcoat worn by men, or rather to that of small boys before their promotion to braces, when the trousers are buttoned to the waistcoat. As its name indicates, it is a body to the petticoat; it is usually made of jean, although a better material, and one which it is satisfactory to see coming

into daily use, is knitted cotton work, soft and pliant, cool in summer and warm in winter, admitting of perfect freedom to the part of the body which it covers, and forming an elastic point of attachment to the garment which it is intended to support. Nothing could be better designed than this garment,—unless it be its continuation, the petticoat itself when properly fashioned, *i.e.* of soft flannel, closely and fully plaited, draping around the lower limbs and terminating midway between ankle and knee; admitting of perfect freedom of motion, and yielding adequate protection and warmth. Here we have an entire covering, corresponding to the trousers and waistcoat of the other sex; and that the comparison is not a fanciful one will be admitted when it is recollected that the petticoat has formed, and still forms, part of the dress of the hardier sex in countries not very remote. There remains then the upper garment, overlying these, and covering the arms, corresponding to the jacket of the boy and the coat of the adult; and this is suitably and sensibly provided by the frock or gown, made of cotton, silk, or wool. The extra or upper coat worn by men in cold weather is variously represented by jacket, cape, cloak or mantle, scarf or shawl. Recently, too, the little round hat of straw or felt, common alike to boys and men, and equally good for either, has, with the not unsuitable addition of ribbon and feather, been readily adopted by ladies.

With this system of bodily covering it would be difficult to find fault. Wherein then the evil, of which we hear so much, of female costume? What is the nature of the evil, and in what article does it lie concealed? Let us examine the different articles. We begin with the first-mentioned, the covering for the chest. The more it is examined, the more it will be found to answer its purpose fully, *i.e.* to yield adequate covering and protection to the back and chest, and, while supporting the petticoat, to transfer its weight to the shoulders. And this it does entirely when properly made; which, however,



is unfortunately not always the case. On the contrary, in a majority of instances, it is made with the arm-holes too small, and the shoulder-straps too tight—by which the arms are, as it were, pinned down by the sides, to the sore confinement of the chest, and consequently the prevention of its proper development. For a large portion of the upper region of the trunk is dependent on the action of the arm for exercise; and the healthy development and healthy condition of the vital organs which the chest contains will, of course, be injuriously affected by that which injuriously affects the size and shape of the chest itself. This is important in another aspect besides its strictly sanitary one; for the confinement of the arms, especially with young and fast-growing girls, causes the shoulders to droop and lean forward, prevents the filling in and rounding of the column of the neck, and perpetuates in undesirable prominence the bony ridge at its base. Or, if this garment be not made sufficiently wide to admit of the full expansion of the lungs, evinced by the rising and swelling of the chest at every respiration, the same results will be produced. We must not therefore take it for granted that this garment is entirely satisfactory, although to it we are indebted for much help in the expulsion of stays; for we may now look upon tight-lacing as a thing of the past, and can no more believe in its existence among persons of ordinary information and education than we could credit the use of thumbscrews in a court of justice in this the nineteenth century—save indeed that we occasionally find tight stays worn by persons who, from long and fixed habit, find it impossible to relinquish their artificial support, now become a necessity to them. But we have yet need of care and watchfulness, lest the present otherwise unobjectionable garment should perpetuate some of the evils of its predecessor.

To the petticoat also unrestricted praise may be given, when made of suitable material, of proper fulness and length, and suspended to the body. But it is too often made of heavy, bulky, and stiff material, with no inlying

yielding folds to open and close with the action of the limb which it covers, and therefore fails in affording the necessary warmth. Duplicates and triplicates of the garment are therefore added; and these, instead of being fastened to the body, and suspended from the shoulders, are, with broad and heavy bands, bound around the loins—the portion of the body of all others which, with young girls, should be left perfectly unconfined and unencumbered. This is not the place to particularize the nature of the evils which this pernicious practice would originate, and, where they already exist, would aggravate; but every one who is acquainted with the structure and functions of the human body will agree with me in condemning a custom so fraught with danger to the health and happiness, present and prospective, of the wearer.

Equally sensible is, and equally sanitary might be, the frock or gown, provided always that its shape and size bear relation to the duties, ordinary or extraordinary, of the wearer. Sanitary and comfortable, convenient and elegant, might this garment be at all times and seasons; but, just as we sometimes see a simple bequest from honest industry to charity proving a never-ending source of ruinous litigation, so has this garment, blameless in its original conception, proved from generation to generation a nidus in which Fashion has hatched her brood of endless absurdities, aimless follies, and meaningless caprices. For the mutations of this article of dress are endless, as they are aimless. The mode of to-day will be obsolete to-morrow—to be revived, it may be, on the day after; or the crotchet of a hundred years ago will be resuscitated without motive or cause. There is no certainty, no security, no pause, no resting-place; because all change is dictated by Fashion, and Fashion disdains and disclaims all obligations to rule, law, or principle of beauty, utility, economy, comfort, or common sense. It has but one aim, one object, one desire—Novelty.

And yet out of the worst feature of this evil springs present hope; for all

change must now be for the better. We have at last attained a point at which "the force of Folly can no farther go."

Were the subject less serious, and did it not concern health and happiness, there would be something quaintly absurd and comically amusing in the sight of a lady of the present day when out for a walk—literally carrying her clothes, holding them up, bearing them along, a burden in both hands. Either this absurdity must be, or there is the unpleasant alternative of letting them trail behind her, sweeping the dust from the road and from the pavement at every step.

The vices of this garment render nugatory the virtue of the others and originate fresh vices in them. It is to this evil of long, heavy and bulky skirts, flounced tier above tier, that we owe our present infliction of crinoline. For it is simply impossible for a lady to walk about at all and have the use of her hands without some machine to assist in holding up her skirts; and here the propagation of evil by evil begins. The mass of skirt necessitates crinoline; crinoline necessitates additional petticoats for warmth and decency; and these are bound round that part of the body which most requires to be left unencumbered and free. And all for what? That young and old, ungainly and elegant, may look and move alike—may look and move like nothing feminine, like nothing human, like nothing endowed with life or power of natural motion—may possess the size and shape of a haystack, and the motion of a Jack-in-the-green.

But it is when we begin to examine the subject of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys, there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced also by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important

agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment—nay, the idea of employing it at all—seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all?

It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would too greatly interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is not found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary, it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And, even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could not this afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be dispensed with or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two and even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool practising music, good for either mind or body—extended too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding pleasure in it from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labour? Would the loss be great if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim in the majority of instances being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? Where there is indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubt-

less, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement; and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but, where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?

Again, are the actual studies always of that character which will bear a very close scrutiny, either as furnishing present mental exercise, or information of much future usefulness? Are they such as truly to call forth and strengthen the powers of the mind, or to cause it to react favourably upon its twin-sister the body? Are they not, indeed, generally wanting in that power of healthy stimulation which, exerted at proper intervals and sustained for proper periods, at once develops the mental powers, and sends forth the young boy-student from his Greek construing and his Latin hexameters to his leap-frog and cricket, with a zeal and an energy which he will never feel again when the school-room door has finally closed on him? Wherein do the organizations, mental and physical, of boy and girl so fundamentally differ that what is acknowledged to be the very life of the one should be unnecessary, unfit even, for the other?

But I am asked, What would you have girls do? Would you have them play cricket and leap-frog and football? Would you have them taught to swim or practise in gymnasia in Bloomer costume as they do in France? Unfortunately, in this country there is as yet little opportunity for girls to learn to swim; otherwise I should most earnestly recommend this as an exhilarating and delightful pastime, and a health-giving exercise. It may not be too much to hope that we shall yet see on our inland rivers private floating swimming-schools as in France. When begun early, the art may be learned so rapidly and pleasurably, and with so much immunity from danger. Only two summers ago I taught my own little girl, a child seven years old—first teaching carefully the movements of the art before going near the water at all, separately first, and then combined; then, as a second stage, the movements in the

water—the child resting her waist on my extended arm; then a stroke or two at a time, with my hand withdrawn; until, within six weeks from the first lesson, she swam a hundred yards by my side in Sandown bay. And so of the gymnasium. By all means take young girls to the gymnasium, if there be one within reach; for they will never enter a building appropriated to purposes affecting this life where they will obtain so great a good. But the costume may be dispensed with—for the simple reason that the dress of every young and growing girl should be at all times sufficiently easy to admit of perfect freedom during exercise.

Neither cricket nor foot-ball would be a good exercise for girls; and there are excellent reasons against leap-frog. But there are very many other valuable, health-promoting games with hand-ball, racket or battledore, grass-hoops, &c. essentially fit for girls; and there can be no doubt that a retired nook in a private meadow, field, or park, might be obtained for the practice of these and similar exercises, where their growing feet might press the soft, springy green-sward, where the sweet fresh air might fan their fair young faces, and their eyes might look upon the varied colours of earth and sky. And all this might be accomplished without fear or risk of freckle or tan; for the straw hat and silk gloves would preserve the most delicate complexion, while to it would be added the beautiful bloom of health. These exercises would be for half-holidays, and then only when the weather was unequivocally fine; but the hours for recreative exercises between studies should be spent in the playground. "Playground! What can a girls'-school want with a playground? What can girls want with a playground? What can girls want with a place for out-door sports?" They want it, because it is more important to health, comfort, and happiness, present and prospective, than any other place or thing in the establishment; they want it because the possession of every other desirable object—large dormitory, large school-room, baths, liberally-supplied and varied table—is

trifling in comparison with a view to health, growth, and development. Give them this and you give them the talisman which turns everything it touches into gold! Continue to deprive them of this, and in vain will you try materially to improve their condition, because on exercise the extent and limitation of all the other agents of health depend. Let the same provision be made for girls' as for boys' schools—a provision for every kind of playtime and leisure, for all seasons and states of weather; a place in the country for half-holiday recreative exercises, and, attached to the school, a double playground, open-air and covered-in. Do this, and the mental and physical energies of your daughters will be increased a hundredfold; do this, and fifty per cent. will be deducted from the annual register of deaths from consumption.

"But," it may be asked, "would not these exercises tend, as they do in boys, to make young girls stout, and robust, and coarse?" In the first place, they do not make boys either stout or coarse, but, on the contrary, they make them lithe in limb and shapely in body; and to be robust is the normal state of a healthy lad—the most desirable to possess, as it is the comeliest to look upon. It is the lazy and gross-feeding boy who is stout and coarse. But it is not the normal state of a young girl to be robust, and such exercise could by no art be made to produce it. *Her* normal state is to be straight, and lissome, and rounded, and slim; and this is what proper exercise would produce. Exercise would and could but develop each to be perfect after its kind; and if, as is admitted, it so develops the one, it must of necessity so develop the other,—the laws and agents of their development being identical. Plant a rose-tree and a lily side by side; water the rose abundantly, and it will thrive and develop the perfect type of rose-beauty. Equally abundantly water the lily, and the true lily type will be perfected. In no part does it resemble the rose—in root or stem, petal or leaf—in no attribute of shape, colour, or perfume; yet they grew side

by side, were tended by the same hand, watered from the same fountain. The *agents* of their development were the same, because such were also the *laws* of their development; but the perfect normal state of each was different, and each was perfected.

But, it may be urged, we have all heard of the folly of lily-painting. Look how elegant in shape, graceful in movement, and beautiful in complexion, our girls grow up without any of those special and elaborate arrangements for bodily exercise. Very freely is it confessed that many do grow up possessing all these much-to-be-coveted attributes; but boldly also must it be affirmed that others as entirely miss them; and yet a glance at the shapely hand, elegant contour of face and symmetrical features shows that some cruel and protracted influence must have been at work to mar the Creator's general design—for the rounded back, flat bust, heavy body, and weak limb are with this at discord. If in all His works there is rhythm and harmony, most unmistakably so in this, the most perfect and beautiful of them all. Very readily is it confessed that many do grow up possessing all the attributes of beauty; but very sadly it must also be confessed that death gathers freely of these fair flowers, and that disease takes the bloom from many of those who are left, and drains the life-sap, so that they perish and fall by every rude and unkindly wind that blows, and by every unexpected shower that falls. True also it is that some apparently resist every evil influence—just as our mothers grew up to have fair forms and happy looks, and to spend useful lives, in defiance of tight-lacing. But we must remember that, if they had the bane, they had also the antidote; if they had the hindrance to growth springing from a defective knowledge of the laws of health, they were, on the other hand, free from the consequences attendant on the too earnest pursuit of accomplishments at the present time. Where we now see a young girl sitting for several consecutive hours over intellectual tasks, her predecessor, fifty years ago, was to

be seen taking an active part in every domestic and household duty. And true it is also that our fathers had stalwart limbs and deep chests, and broad shoulders, in defiance of the mummy-like swathings of their infancy. But who shall say that the fair forms would not have been more fair, the happy looks more happy, and the useful lives more useful, if our mothers' forms had been allowed to grow as nature designed; and who shall say that the

limbs and chests, and shoulders of our fathers would not have been more stalwart, and broad, and deep, had they been allowed in infancy the motion and freedom which their Maker intended? And who shall say that *our* strength and *our* happiness and *our* usefulness have not been lessened by *their* error,—our germ of life enfeebled by *their* weakness? The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children,—their errors are also entailed.

## AT THE DOOR.

## A DORSETSHIRE POEM.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

The stream do roll,  
     A-bubblèn by the shoal,  
 Or leäp the rock, a-foamèn in a bow;  
 The win' do vlee,  
     A-playèn roun' the tree,  
 Along the grove o' woaks, in double row,  
 Where love do seek the maidens evenèn vloor,  
 Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,  
                     Ageän the door.

Wi' iron bound,  
     The wheels, a-rollèn round,  
 Do crunch the cracklèn vlint below their lwoad;  
 The stwones a-trod  
     By horses iron-shod  
 Do shockle shrill along the trotted road,  
 Where chaps do come to seek, in our wold pleäce,  
 Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,  
                     The maidens' feäce.

And oh! how sweet  
     'S the time a lover's veet  
 Do come avore the door to vind a bride,  
 As he do stand,  
     An' knock wi' lithy hand,  
 An' leän to catch the sweetest vaice inside;  
 While there a heart do leäp to hear woonce mwore  
 The stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,  
                     Ageän the door.



How sweet's the time,

When we be in our prime,  
An' childern be our hope and aye our jaÿ ;  
An' child by child

Do come, a-skippèn wild,  
Back hwome vrom daily school, or vrom their play,  
So small upon the doorstwone, well awore,  
Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,  
Ageän the door.

Be my abode

Beside zome uphill road,  
Where vòk mid pass, but not vor ever bide ;  
An' not a pleâce

Where day do bring noo feâce  
Wi' kindly smiles, as lwonesome hours do glide ;  
But let me hear zome friend a-known avore,  
Wi' stip-step light, an' tip-tap slight,  
Ageän the door.

## A SON OF THE SOIL.

### PART X.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE place which the Merediths had chosen for their residence was Frascati, where everything was quieter, and most things cheaper, than in Rome—to which, besides, the brother and sister had objections, founded on former passages in their family history, of which their new friends were but partially aware ; and to Frascati, accordingly, the two Scotch pilgrims were drawn with them. Colin having, as usual, persevered in his own way, and obtained it, as Lauderdale prophesied, the arrangement came about, naturally enough, after the ten days' close company on board ship, when young Meredith, whom most people were either contemptuous of, or inclined to avoid, found refuge with his new friends, who, though they did not agree with him, at least understood what he meant. He slackened nothing of those exertions which he thought to be his duty—and on which, perhaps unconsciously, the young invalid rather prided himself,

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as belonging to his rôle of dying man,—during the remainder of the voyage ; but, finding one of the sailors ill, succeeded in making such an impression upon the poor fellow's uninstructed and uncertain mind as repaid him, he said, for all the exertions he had made. After that event, he passed by very often to the fore-castle to pray with his convert, being, perhaps, disposed to the opinion that they two were the salt of the earth to their small community ; for which proceeding he was called fool, and fanatic, and Methodist, and a great many other hard names by the majority of his fellow-passengers—some of whom, indeed, being, like most ordinary people, totally unable to discriminate between things that differ, confidently expected to hear of some secret vice on the part of Meredith ; such things being always found out, as they maintained, of people who considered themselves better than their neighbours. "After a while, it will be found out what he's up to," said a comfortable passenger, who knew the world,

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"such fellows always have their private peccadilloes. I daresay he doesn't go so often to the forecastle for nothing. The stewardess ain't bad-looking, and I've seen our saint engaged in private conversation when he didn't know I was there," said the large-minded Christian who denounced poor Meredith's uncharitableness. And, to be sure, he was uncharitable, poor fellow. As for Colin, and, indeed, Lauderdale also, who had been attracted, in spite of himself, they looked on with a wonderful interest, from amid-ships, knowing better. They saw him dragging his sister after him, as far as she could go, along the crowded deck, when he went to visit his patient—neither he, whose thoughts were occupied solely with matters of life and death, nor she, who was thinking entirely of him, having any idea that the dark dormitory below, among the sailors' hammocks, was an unfit place for her. It was Colin who stepped forward to rescue the girl from this unnecessary trial, and Meredith gave her up to him, with as little idea that this, too, was a doubtful expedient as he had had of anything unsuitable in his original intention. "It is a privilege, if she but knew it," the invalid would say, fixing his hollow eyes on her, as if half doubtful whether he approved of her or not; and poor Alice stayed behind him, with a bad grace, without feeling much indebted on her own account to her new friends. "It does not matter where I go, so long as I am with him," she said, following him with her anxious looks; and she stopped seated patiently upon her bench, with her eyes fixed on the spot where he had disappeared, until he rejoined her. When Arthur's little prayer-meeting was ended, he came with a severe, and yet serene, countenance towards the sister he had left behind him, and the two friends who did not propose to accompany him. "He is a child of God," said the sick man; "his experiences are a great comfort to me"—and he looked with a little defiance at the companions, who, to be sure, so far as the carnal mind was concerned, were more congenial to him. Indeed, the new chapter of the "Voice

from the Grave" was all about Lauderdale and Colin. They were described under the initials N. and M., with a heightening of all their valuable qualities, which was intended to make more and more apparent their want of "the one thing needful." They were like the rich young man whom Jesus loved, but who had not the heart to give up all and follow Him—like "him who, through cowardice, made the great refusal." The sick man wrote without, however, quoting Dante, and he contrasted with their virtuous and thoughtful worldliness the condition of his convert, who knew nothing but the love of God, poor Meredith said. Perhaps it was true that the sick sailor knew the love of God, and certainly the prayers of the dying apostle were not less likely to reach the ear of the Divine Majesty for being uttered by the poor fellow's bedside. But, though he wrote a chapter in his book about them, Meredith still clung to his friends. The unseen and unknown were familiar to their thoughts—perhaps even too familiar, being considered by them as reasonably and naturally interesting; and poor Meredith was disposed to think that anything natural must be more or less wicked. But still he considered them interesting, and thought he might be able to do them good, and, for his own part, found all the human comfort he was capable of in their society. Thus it was that, with mutual companions and sympathy, he sorry for them and they for him, and mutual good offices, the three grew into friendship. As for Alice, her brother was fond of her, but had never had his attention specially attracted to her, nor been led to imagine her a companion for himself. She was his tender little nurse and attendant—a creature made up of loving watchful eyes, and anxious little noiseless cares. He would have missed her terribly had she failed him, without quite knowing what it was he missed. But, though he was in the habit of instructing her now and then, it did not occur to him to talk to his sister. She was a creature of another species—an unawakened soul, with few thoughts or

feelings worth speaking of. At least such was the estimate her brother had formed of her, and in which Alice herself agreed to a great extent. It was not exactly humility that kept the anxious girl in this mind, but an undisturbed habit and custom, out of which no personal impulse had delivered her. The women of her kindred had never been remarkable one way or another. They were good women—perfectly virtuous and a little tiresome, as even Alice was sensible; and it had not been the custom of the men of the house to consult or confide in their partners. Her mother and aunts had found quite enough to occupy them in housekeeping and needlework, and had accepted it as a matter of faith that men, except, perhaps, when in love, or in “a passion,” did not care to talk to women—a family creed from which so young and submissive a girl had not dreamt of enfranchising herself. Accordingly she accepted quite calmly Arthur’s low estimate of her powers of companionship, and was moved by no injured feeling when he sought the company of his new friends, and gave himself up to the pleasure of conversation. It was the most natural thing in the world to Alice. She kept by him, holding by his arm when he and his companions walked about the deck together, as long as there was room for her; and, when there was no room, she withdrew and sat down on the nearest seat, and took out a little bit of needlework which never made any progress; for, though her intellect could not do Arthur any good, the anxious scrutiny of her eyes could,—or at least she seemed to think so. Very often, it was true, she was joined in her watch by Colin; of whom, however, it never occurred to her to think under any other possible aspect than that of Arthur’s friend. Lauderdale might have spared his anxieties so far as that went—for, notwithstanding a certain proclivity on the part of Colin to female friendship, Alice was too entirely unconscious, too utterly devoid of any sense or feeling of self, to be interesting to the young man. Perhaps a certain amount of self-regard is neces-

sary to attract the regard of others. Alice was not aware of herself at all, and her insensibility communicated itself to her silent companion. He sometimes even wondered if her intelligence was up to the ordinary level, and then felt ashamed of himself when by chance she lifted upon him her wistful eyes; not that those eyes were astonishingly bright, or conveyed any intimations of hidden power—but they looked, as they were, unawakened, suggestive eyes, which might wake up at any moment and develop unthought-of lights. But, on the whole, this twilight was too dim to interest Colin, except by moments; and it was incomprehensible and to some extent provoking and vexatious to the young man to see by his side a creature so young, and with so many natural graces, who neutralized them all by her utter indifference to herself.

So that after all it came to be a very natural and reasonable step to accompany the Merediths, to whose knowledge of the country and language even Lauderdale found himself indebted when suddenly thrown without warning upon the tumultuous crowd of Leghorn boatmen, which was his first foreign experience. “They all understand French,” a benevolent fellow-passenger said, as he went on before them; which did not convey the consolation it was intended to bear to the two Scotch travellers, who only looked at each other sheepishly, and laughed with a very mixed and doubtful sort of mirth, not liking to commit themselves. They had to give themselves up blindly into the hands of Meredith and his sister—for Alice felt herself of some importance in a country where she “knew the language”—and it was altogether in the train of these two that Colin and Lauderdale were dragged along, like a pair of English captives, through the very gates of Rome itself, and across the solemn Campagna to the little city set upon a hill, to which the sick man was bound. They made their way to it in a spring afternoon when the sun was inclining towards the west, throwing long shadows of those long, weird, endless arches of the Claudian aqueduct

across the green wastes, and shining full upon the white specks of scattered villages on the Alban hills. The landscape would have been impressive even had it conveyed no associations to the minds of the spectators. But, as the reluctant strangers left Rome, they saw unfold before them a noble semicircle of hills—the Sabines, blue and mysterious, on one side, the Latin range breaking bluntly into the centre of the ring, and towards the right hand the softer Alban heights with their lakes hidden in the hollows, and the sunshine falling full upon their crest of towns; and, when they had mounted the steep ascent to Frascati, it was still more wonderful to look back and see the sunset arranging itself over that great Campagna, falling into broad radiant bands of colour with inconceivable tints and shadings, betraying in a sudden flash the distant sea, and shining all misty and golden over the dwarfed dome of St. Peter's, which rose up by itself with a wonderful insignificance of grandeur—all Rome around being blotted into oblivion. That would have been a sight to linger over had not Meredith been weary and worn out, and eager to get to his journey's end. "You will see it often enough," he said, with a little petulance; "neither the sunset nor St. Peter's can run away:" for it was to himself a sufficiently familiar sight. They went in accordingly to a large house, which, a little to the disappointment of Colin, was just as square and ugly as anything he could have found at home, though it stood all the days and nights gazing with many eyes over that Campagna which looked like a thing to dream over for ever. It was the third storey of this house—the upper floor—to which Meredith and his sister directed their steps; Colin and Lauderdale following them—not without a little expectation, natural enough under the circumstances. It was cold, and they were tired, though not so much as the invalid; and they looked for a bright fire, a comfortable room, and a good meal—with a little curiosity, it is true, about the manner of it, but none as to the blazing fire and spread board and all the other items indispensable to comfort, according

to English ideas. The room where they got admittance was very large, and full of windows, letting in a flood of light, which, as the sunshine was now too low to enter, was cold light—white, colourless, and chilling. Not a vestige of carpet was on the tiled floor, except before the fire-place, where a square piece of a curious coarse fabric and wonderful pattern had been laid down. A few logs were burning on the wide hearth, and close by was a little stack of wood intended to replenish the fire. The great desert room contained a world of tables and four uncushioned chairs, but the tired travellers looked in vain for the spread board which had pleased their imagination. If Colin had thought the house too like an ordinary ugly English house outside to satisfy him, he found this abundantly made up for now by the interior, so unlike anything English; for the walls were painted with a brilliant landscape set in a frame of brilliant scarlet curtains, which the simple-minded artist had looped across his sky without any hesitation; and underneath this most gorgeous bit of fresco was set a table against the wall, upon which were spread out a humble store of little brown rolls, a square slice of butter, a basin full of eggs, and a flask of oil—the humble provisions laid in by the attendant Maria, who had rushed forward to kiss the young lady's hand when she opened the door. While the two inexperienced Scotch travellers stood horror-stricken, their companions, who were aware of what they were coming to, threw down their wraps and began to settle themselves in this extraordinary desert. Meredith for his part threw himself into a large primitive easy-chair which stood by the fire. "This is a comfort I did not look for," he said; "and, thank heaven, here we are at last." He drew a long breath of satisfaction as he stretched out his long meagre limbs before the fire. "Come in and make yourselves comfortable. Alice will attend to everything else," he said, glaring back at his annoyed companions, who, finding themselves in some degree his guests, had to subdue their feelings.

They came and sat by him, exchanging looks of dismay—looks which, perhaps, he perceived, for he drew in his long languid limbs, and made a little room for the others. "Many things, of course, that are necessary in our severe climate are unnecessary here," he said, with a slight shiver; and, as he spoke, he reached out his hand for one of the wraps he had thrown off, and drew it round his shoulders. That action gave a climax to the universal discomfort. Colin and Lauderdale once more looked at each other with mutual comments that could find no utterance in words—the only audible expression of their mutual sentiment being an exclamation of "Climate!" from the latter in an undertone of unspeakable surprise and consternation. This, then, was the Italy of which they had dreamed! The Mistress's parlour on the Holy Loch was, words could not tell how much warmer and more genial. The tired travellers turned towards the fire as the only possible gleam of consolation, and Meredith put out his long thin arm to seize another log and place it on the hearth; even he felt the difference. He had done nothing to help himself till he came here; but habits of indulgence dropped off on the threshold of this Spartan dwelling. Colin repeated within himself Lauderdale's exclamation, "Climate!" as he shivered in his chair. No doubt the invalid chair by the fire-side on the banks of the Holy Loch was a very different thing, as far as comfort was concerned.

In the meantime Alice found herself in command of the position. Humble little woman as she was, there came by moments, even to her, a compassionate contempt for the male creatures who got hungry and sulky after this fashion, and could only sit down ill-tempered and disconsolate before the fire. Alice for her part sent off Maria to the trattoria, and cheerfully prepared to feed the creatures who did not know how to set about it for themselves. When she had done her utmost, however, there was still a look of dismay on Colin's face. The dinner from the trattoria was

a thing altogether foreign to the experiences of the two Scotchmen. They suspected it while they ate, making secret wry faces to each other across the equivocal board. This was the land of poets into which they had come—the land of the ideal where, according to their inexperienced imaginations, everything was to share the general refinement! But, alas, there was nothing refined about the dinner from the trattoria, which was altogether a native production, and with which the Merediths, being acquainted and knowing what they had to expect, contented themselves well enough. When Lauderdale and his charge retired, chilled to the bone, to their stony, chilly bedrooms, where everything seemed to convey not warmth but a sensation of freezing, they looked at each other with amazement and disgust on their faces. "Callant, you would have been twenty times better at home," said Lauderdale with a remorseful groan; "and, as for those poor innocents who have nobody to look after them— But they kent what they were coming to," he continued, with a flash of momentary anger. Altogether it was as unsuccessful a beginning as could well be imagined of the ideal poetic Italian life.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

It is impossible to deny that, except in hotels which are cosmopolitan, and chiefly adapted to the many wants of the rich English, life in Italy is a hard business enough for the inexperienced traveller, who knows the strange country into which he has suddenly dropped rather by means of poetical legends than by the facts of actual existence. A country of vineyards and orange-groves, of everlasting verdure and sunshine is, indeed, in its way, a true enough description of a many-sided country: but these words of course convey no intimation of the terrors of an Italian palace in the depth of winter, when everything is stone-cold, and the possibilities of



artificial warmth are of the most limited description; where the idea of doors and windows closely fitting has never entered the primitive mind, and where the cardinal virtue of patience and endurance of necessary evils wraps the contented native sufferer like the cloak which he hugs round him. Yet, notwithstanding, even Lauderdale relaxed out of the settled gloom on his face when he went to the window of the great bare sitting-room, and gazed out upon the grand expanse of the Campagna, lighted up with the morning sunshine. The silence of that depopulated plain, with its pathetic bits of ruin here and there—ruins, to be sure, identified and written down in books, but for themselves speaking, with a more woeful and suggestive voice than can be conveyed by any historical associations, through the very depths of their dumbness and loss of all distinction—went to the spectator's heart. What they were or had been, what human hands had erected or human hearts rejoiced in them, their lingering remains had ceased to tell; and it was only with the vagueness which is sadder than any story that they indicated a former forgotten existence, a past too far away to be decipherable. Lauderdale laid his hand on Colin's shoulder, and drew him away. "Ay, ay," he said, with an unusual thrill in his voice, "it's grand to hear that yon's Soracte, and thereaway is the Sabine country, and that's Rome lying away among the clouds. It's no Rome, callant; it's a big kirk, or heathen temple, or whatever you like to call it. I'm no heeding about Rome. It's the awfu' presence of the dead, and the skies smiling at them—that's a' I see. Come away with me, and let's see if there's any living creatures left. It's an awfu' thought to come into a man's head in connexion with that bonnie innocent sky," the philosopher continued, with a slight shudder, as he drew his charge with him down the chilly staircase; "but it's aye bewildering to one to see the indifference o' Nature. It's terrible like as if she was a senseless heathen hersel', and

cared nothing about nobody. No that I'm asserting that to be the case; but it's gruesome to look at her smiles and her wiles, as if she kent no better. I'm no addicted to little bairns in a general way," said Lauderdale, drawing a long breath, as he emerged from the great door, and suddenly found himself in the midst of a group of ragged little picturesque savages; "but it's aye a comfort to see that there's still living creatures in the world."

"It is not for the living creatures, however, that people came to Italy," said Colin. "Stop here and have another look at the Campagna. I am not of your opinion about Nature. Sometimes tears themselves are less pathetic than a smile."

"Where did *you* learn that, callant?" said his friend. "But there's plenty of time for the Campagna, and I have aye an awfu' interest in human folk. What do the little animals mean, raging like a set of little furies? Laddies, if you've quarrelled fight it out like men, instead of scolding like a parcel of fishwives," said the indignant stranger, addressing himself to a knot of boys who were playing morna. When he found his remonstrance disregarded, Lauderdale seized what appeared to him the two ringleaders, and held them, one in each hand, with the apparent intention of knocking their heads together, entirely undisturbed by the outeries and struggles of his victims, as well as by the voluble explanations of the rest of the party. "It's no use talking nonsense to me," said the inexorable judge; "they shall either hold their tongues, the little cowardly wretches, or they shall fight."

It was, luckily, at this moment that Alice Meredith made her appearance, going out to provide for the wants of her family like a careful little housewife. Her explanation filled Lauderdale with unbounded shame and dismay. "It's an awful drawback no to understand the language," said the philosopher, with a rush of burning colour to his face, for, Lauderdale, like various other people, could not help entertaining an idea, in spite of his better knowledge, that Eng-

lish (or what he was pleased to call English), spoken with due force and emphasis, was sure in the end to be perfectly intelligible. Having received this sad lesson, he shrank out of sight with the utmost discomfiture, holding Colin fast, who betrayed an inclination to accompany Alice. "This will never do; we'll have to put to our hands and learn," said Colin's guardian. "I never put much faith before in that Babel business. It's awful humbling to be made a fool of by a parcel of bairns." Lauderdale did not recover this humiliating defeat during the lengthened survey which followed of the little town and its dependencies, where now and then they encountered the slight little figure of Alice walking alone, with a freedom permitted (and wondered at) to the Signorina Inglese, who thus declared her independence. They met her at the baker's, where strings of biscuits, made in the shape of rings, hung like garlands about the door, and where the little Englishwoman was using all her power to seduce the master of the shop into the manufacture of *paine Inglese*, bread made with yeast instead of leaven; and they met her again in the dark vicinity of the trattoria, consulting with a dingy *traiteur* about dinner. Fortunately for the success of the meal, the strangers were unaware that it was out of these dingy shades that their repast was to come. Thus the two rambled about, recovering their spirits a little as the first glow of the Italian sunshine stole over them, and finding summer in the bright piazza, though winter and gloom lingered in the narrow streets. Last of all they entered the cathedral, which was a place the two friends approached with different feelings. Colin's mind being full of the curiosity of a man who was himself to be a priest, and who felt to a certain degree that the future devotions and even government of his country was in his hands, he was consequently quick to observe, and even, notwithstanding the prejudices of education, not disinclined to learn, if anything worth learning was to be seen in the quiet country church, where at present nothing beyond the ordinary service was going

on. Lauderdale, in whose mind a lively and animated army of prejudices was in full operation, though met and crossed at every turn by an equally lively belief in the truth of his fellow creatures—which was a sad drawback to his philosophy—went into the Frascati Cathedral with a curious mixture of open criticism and concealed respect, not unusual in a Scotchman. He was even ashamed of himself for his own alacrity in taking off his hat, as if one place could be holier than another; yet, nevertheless, stowed his gaunt gigantic figure away behind the pillars, and did what he could to walk softly, lest he should disturb the devotions of one or two kneeling women, who, however, paused with perfect composure to look at the strangers without apparently being conscious of any interruption. As for Colin, he was inspecting the arrangements of the cathedral at his leisure, when a sudden exclamation from Lauderdale attracted his attention. He thought his friend had got into some new bewilderment, and hastened to join him, looking round first, with the helplessness of a speechless stranger in a foreign country, to see if there was anyone near who could explain for them in case of necessity. When, however, Colin had joined his friend, he found him standing rapt and silent before a tombstone covered with lettering, which was placed against the wall of the church. Lauderdale made a curious unsteady sign, pointing to it, as Colin approached. It was a pompous Latin inscription, recording imaginary grandeurs which had never existed, and bearing the names of three British kings who never reigned. Neither of the spectators who thus stood moved and speechless before it had been brought up with any Jacobite tendencies—indeed, Jacobite ideas had died out of all reality before either of them was born,—but Lauderdale, Whig and sceptic as he was, uttered hoarsely out of his throat the two words, "Prince Charlie!" and then stood silent, gazing at the stone with its pompous Latin lies and its sorrowful human story, as if it had been not an extinct family, but something of his own

blood and kindred which had lain underneath. Thus the two strangers went out, subdued and silenced, from their first sight-seeing. It was not in man, nor in Scotchman, to see the names and not remember all the wonderful vain devotion, all the blind heroic efforts that had been made for these extinct Stuarts; and, with a certain instinctive loyalty, reverential yet protesting, Colin and his friend turned away from Charles Edward's grave.

"Well," said Lauderdale, after a long pause, "they were little to brag of, either for wisdom or honesty, and no credit to *us* that I can see; but it comes over a man with an awfu' strange sensation to fall suddenly without any warning on the grave of a race that was once in such active connexion with his own. 'Jacobus III., Carolus III., Henricus IX.'—is that how it goes? It's terrible real, that inscription, though it's a' a fiction. They might be a feckless race; but, for a' that; it was awfu' hard, when you think of it, upon Prince Chairlie. He was neither a fool nor a liar, so far as I ever heard—which is more than you can say for other members of the family; and he had to give way, and give up his birthright for thae miserable little wretches from Hanover. I dinna so much wonder, when I think of it, at the '45. It was a pleasant alternative for a country, callant, to choose between a bit Dutch idiot that knew nothing, and the son of her auld kings. I'm no speaking of William of Orange—he's awfu' overrated, and a cold-blooded demon, but aye a kind of a *man* notwithstanding—but thae Hanover fellows— And so yon's Prince Chairlie's grave!"

Just then Meredith, who had come out to bask in the sunshine, came up to them, and took, as he had learned to do by way of supporting himself, Lauderdale's vigorous arm.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that the Pretender's grave was there. I never enter these churches of Antichrist if I can help it. Life is too short to be wasted even in looking on at the wiles of the 'destroyer. Oh that we could

do something to deliver these dying souls!"

"I saw little of the wiles of the destroyer for my part," said Lauderdale, abruptly; "and, as for the Pretender, there's many pretenders, and it's awfu' hard to tell which is real. I know no harm of Prince Chairlie, the little I do know of him. If it had been myself, I'm no free in my mind to say that I would have let go my father's inheritance without striking a blow."

"These are the ideas of the carnal mind," said Meredith. "Oh, my friend, if you would but be more serious! Does not your arrival in this country suggest to you another arrival which cannot be long delayed—which indeed, for some of us at least, may happen any day," the sick man continued, putting out his long thin hand to clasp that of Colin, who was on the opposite side. Lauderdale, who saw this gesture, started aside with a degree of violence which prevented the meeting of the two invalid hands.

"I know little about this country," he said, almost with sullenness; "but I know still less about the other. It's easy for you, callants, to speak. I'm real willing to make experiment of it, if that were possible," he continued, softening; "but there's no an ignorant soul hereabouts that is more ignorant than me."

"Let us read together—let us consider it together," said Meredith; "it is all set down very plain, you know. He that runneth may read. In all the world there is nothing so important. My friend, you took pains to understand about Italy—"

"And a bonnie business I made of it," said Lauderdale; "deluded by the very bairns; set free by one that's little more than a bairn, that little sister of yours; and now letting myself be drawn into discussions! I'm twenty years, or near it, older than you are," he went on, "and I've walked with them that have gone away *yonder*, as far as flesh and blood would let me. I'm no misdoubting anything that's written, callant, if that will satisfy you. It's a' an awfu' darkness, with visions of white angels

here and there; but the angels dinna belong to me. Whisht—whisht—I'm no profane; I'm wanting more—more than what's written; and, as I cannot get that, I must even wait till I see for myself.—Here's a grand spot for looking at your Campagna now," he said, breaking abruptly off; but poor Meredith, who had so little time to spare, and whose words had to be in season and out of season, could not consent to follow, as a man without so great a mission might have done, the leading of his companion's thoughts.

"The Campagna is very interesting," he said, "but it is nothing to the safety of your soul. Oh, my dear friend!—and here is Campbell, too, who is not far from the kingdom of heaven. Promise me that you will come with me," said the dying man. "I shall not be able to stay long with you. Promise me that you will come and join me *there*!" He put out his thin arm, and raised it towards the sky, which kept smiling always serene, and took no note of these outbursts of human passion. "I will wait for you at the golden gates," the invalid went on, fixing his hollow eyes first on one and then on another. "You will be my joy and crown of rejoicing! You cannot refuse the prayer of a dying man."

Colin, who was young, and upon whom the shadow of these golden gates was still hovering, held out his hand this time, touched to the heart. "I am coming," he said, softly, almost under his breath, but yet loud enough to catch the quick ear of Lauderdale, whose sudden movement displaced Meredith's arm, which was clinging almost like a woman's to his own.

"It's no for man to make any such unfounded promises," said Lauderdale, hoarsely; "though you read till your heart's sick, there's nothing written like *that*. It's a' imaginations, and yearnings, and dreams. I'm no saying that it cannot be, or that it will not be, but I tell you there's no such thing written; and, as far as I ken or you ken, it may be a' delusion and disappointment. Whisht, whisht, callants! Dinna en-

tice each other out of this world, where there's aye plenty to do for the like of you. I'm saying,—'Silence, sir!'" cried the philosopher, with sudden desperation. And then he became aware that he had withdrawn the support which Meredith stood so much in need of. "A sober-minded man like me should have other company than a couple of laddies, with their fancies," he said, in a hurried, apologetic tone; "but, as long as we're together, you may as well take the good of me," he added, with a rare, momentary smile, holding out his arm. As for Meredith, for once in his life—partly because of a little more emotion than usual, partly because his weakness felt instantly the withdrawal of a support which had become habitual to him—he felt beyond a possibility of doubt that further words would be out of season just at that moment, and so they resumed their way a little more silently than usual. The road, like other Italian roads, was marked by here and there a rude shrine in a niche in the wall, or a cross erected by the wayside—neither of which objects possessed in the smallest degree the recommendation of picturesqueness which sentimental travellers attribute to them; for the crosses were of the rudest construction, as rude as if meant for actual use, and the poor little niches, each with its red-eyed Madonna daubed on the wall, suggested no more idea of beauty than the most arbitrary symbol could have done. But Meredith's soul awoke within him when he saw the looks with which Colin regarded these shabby emblems of religious feeling. The Protestant paused to regain his breath, and could keep silence no more.

"You look with interest at these devices of Antichrist," said the sick man. "You think they promote a love of beauty, I suppose, or you think them picturesque. You don't think how they ruin the souls of those who trust in them," he said, eagerly and loudly; for they were passing another English party, which was at the moment engaged in contemplating the cross, without much apparent admiration, and already

the young missionary longed to accost them, and put the solemn questions about life and death to their (presumably) careless souls.

"They don't appear to me at all picturesque," said Colin; "and nobody looks at them that I can see except ourselves; so they can't ruin many souls. But you and I don't agree in all things, Meredith. I like the cross, you know. It does not seem to me to come amiss anywhere. Perhaps the uglier and ruder it is it becomes the more suggestive," the young man added, with a little emotion. "I should like to build a few crosses along our Scotch roads; if anybody was moved to pray, I can't see what harm would be done; or, if anybody was surprised by a sudden thought, it might be all the better even; one has heard of such a thing," said Colin, whose heart was still a little out of its usual balance. "A stray gleam of sunshine might come out of it here and there. If I was rich like some of you merchants, Lauderdale," he said, laughing a little, "I think, instead of a few fine dinners, I'd build a cross somewhere. I don't see that it would come amiss on a Scotch road—"

"I wish you would think of something else than Scotch roads," said Meredith, with a little vexation; "when I speak of things that concern immortal souls, you answer me something about Scotland. What is Scotland to the salvation of a fellow-creature? I would rather that Scotland, or England either, was sunk to the bottom of the sea than stand by and see a man dying in his sins."

The two Scotchmen looked at each other as he spoke; they smiled to each other with a perfect understanding, which conveyed another pang of irritation to the invalid, who by nature had a spirit which insisted upon being first and best beloved. "You see," said Lauderdale, who had entirely recovered his composure, "this callant, innocent as he looks, has a consciousness within him that Scotland's his kingdom. His meaning is to mould his generation with these feckless hands of his. It's a ridiculous

aspiration," continued Colin's guardian, "but that makes it a' the more likely: he's thinking what he'll do when he comes into his kingdom. I wouldna say but he would institute decorations, and give crosses of honour like any other potentate. That's what the callant means," said his friend, with pride which was very imperfectly hidden by his pretended sarcasm—a speech which only made Meredith more impatient, and to which he had no clue.

"I think we had better go home," he said, abruptly. "I know Scotch pretty well, but I can't quite follow when you speak on these subjects. I want to have a talk with Maria about her brother, who used to be very religiously disposed. Poor fellow, he's ill now, and I've got something for him," said the young man. Here he paused, and drew forth from his pocket a sheet folded like a map, which he opened out carefully, looking first to see that there was nobody on the road. "They took them for maps at the dogana," said Meredith; "and geography is not prohibited—to the English at least; but this is better than geography. I mean to send it to poor Antonio, who can read, poor fellow." The map, which was no map, consisted of a large sheet of paper, intended apparently to be hung upon a wall, and containing the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," translated into Italian. It was not without a little triumph that Meredith exhibited this effort at clandestine instruction. "He has to lie in bed," he said, with a softened inflection of his voice; "this will console him and bear him company. It is a map of his future inheritance," the young missionary concluded, putting it back fondly into its deceitful folds;—and after this there was an uneasy pause, no one quite knowing what to say.

"You fight Antichrist with his own weapons, then," said Colin, "and do evil that good may come,"—and Lauderdale added his comment almost in the same breath—

"That's an awfu' fruitful principle if you once adopt it," he said; "there's no telling where it may end. I would



sooner leave the poor lad in God's hands, as no doubt he is, than amuggle in light to him after that fashion. I'm no fond of maps that are no maps," said the dissatisfied critic; by which time Colin had reloaded his guns, and was ready to fire.

"It is short enough," said Colin; "a man might keep such an utterance in his memory without any necessity for double dealing. Do you think, for all the good it will do your patient to look at that text, it is worth your while to risk him and yourself?"

"For myself I am perfectly indifferent," said Meredith, glad of an opportunity to defend himself. "I hope I could take imprisonment joyfully for the saving of a soul."

"Imprisonment would be death to you," said Colin, with a touch of compunction, "and would make an end of all further possibilities of use. To be thrown into a stony Italian prison at this season—"

"Hush," said Meredith; "for my Master's sake could I not bear more than that? If not, I am not worthy to call myself a Christian. I am ready to be offered," said the young enthusiast. "It would be an end beyond my hopes to die like my Lord for the salvation of my brother. Such a prophecy is no terror to me."

"If you two would but hold your tongues for five minutes at a time," said Lauderdale, with vexation, "it would be a comfort. No doubt you're both ready enough to fling away your lives for any nonsensical idea that comes into your heads. Suppose we take the case of the other innocent callant, the Italian lad that a' this martyrdom's to be for. No to say that it's awfu' cheating—which my soul loathes," said the emphatic Scotchman—"figure to yourself a wheensenseless women maybe, or a wheen frightened priests, getting on the scent o' this heresy of yours. I'm real reluctant to think that he would not get the same words, poor callant, in his ain books without being torn to pieces for the sake of a map that was not a map. It's getting a wee chilly," said the philosopher,

"and there's a fire to be had in the house if nothing else. Come in, callant, and no expose yourself; and you would put your grand map in the fire if you were to be guided by me."

"With these words of consolation on it!" said Meredith. "Never, if it should cost me my life."

"Nae fear of its costing you your life; but I wouldna use even the weapons of God after the devil's manner of fighting," said Lauderdale, with a little impatience. "Allowing you had a' the charge of saving souls, as you call it, and the Almighty Himself took no trouble on the subject, I'm no for using the sword o' the Spirit to give stabs in the dark."

Just then, fortunately, there came a seasonable diversion, which stayed the answer on Meredith's lips.

"Arthur, we are going to dine early," said the voice of Alice just behind them; "the doctor said you were to dine early. Come and rest a little before dinner. I met some people just now who were talking of Mr. Campbell. They were wondering where he lived, and saying they had seen him somewhere. I told them you were with us," the girl went on, with the air of a woman who might be Colin's mother. "Will you please come home in case they should call?"

This unexpected intimation ended the ramble and the talk, which was of a kind rather different from the tourist talk which Colin had shortly to experience from the lips of his visitors, who were people who had seen him at Wodensbourne, and who were glad to claim acquaintance with anybody in a strange country. Little Alice received the ample English visitors still with the air of being Colin's mother, or mature protecting female friend, and talked to the young lady daughter, who was about half as old again as herself, with an indulgent kindness which was beautiful to behold. There were a mother, father, daughter, and two sons, moving about in a compact body, all of whom were exceedingly curious about the quaint little brotherhood which, with Alice for its protecting angel, had taken

possession of the upper floor of the Palazzo Savvielli. They were full of a flutter of talk about the places they had visited, and of questions as to whether their new acquaintances had been here or there; and the ladies of the party made inquiries after the Frankland family, with a friendly significance which brought the blood to Colin's cheeks. "I promised Matty to write, and I shall be sure to tell her I have seen you, and all about it," the young lady said, playfully. Was it possible, or was it a mere reflection from his own thoughts, throwing a momentary gleam across her unimpassioned face? Anyhow, it occurred to Colin that the little abstract Alice looked more like an ordinary girl of her years for the five minutes after the tourist party, leaving wonderful silence and sense of relief behind them, had disappeared down the chilly stone stairs.

### CHAPTER XXX.

It is not to be inferred from what has just been said that it had become a matter of importance to Colin how Alice Meredith looked. On the contrary, the relations between the two young people grew more distant, instead of becoming closer. It was Lauderdale with whom she talked about the domestic arrangements, which he and she managed together; and indeed it was apparent that Alice, on the whole, had come to regard Colin, in a modified degree, as she regarded her brother—as something to be taken care of, watched, fed, tended, and generally deferred to, without any great possibility of comprehension or fellowship. Lauderdale, like herself, was the nurse and guardian of his invalid. Though she lost sight of him altogether in the discussions which perpetually arose among the three (which was not so much from being unable to understand these discussions as from the conclusion made beforehand that she had nothing to do with them), it was quite a different matter when they fell into the background to consult what

would be best for their two charges. Then Alice was the superior, and felt her power. She talked to her tall companion with all the freedom of her age, accepting his as that of a grandfather at least, to the amusement of the philosopher, to whom her chatter was very pleasant. All the history of her family (as he imagined) came unawares to Lauderdale's ears in this simple fashion, and more of Alice's own mind and thoughts than she had the least idea of. He walked about with her as the lion might have done with Una, with a certain mixture of superiority and inferiority, amusement and admiration. She was only a little girl to Lauderdale, but a delightful thing in her innocent way; and, so far from approving of Colin's indifference, there were times when he became indignant at it, speculating impatiently on the youthful folly which did not recognise good fortune when it saw it. "Of all women in the world the wife for the callant, if he only would make use of his een," Lauderdale said to himself; but so far from making use of his eyes, it pleased Colin, with the impertinence of youth, to turn the tables on his Mentor, and to indulge in unseasonable laughter, which sometimes had all but offended the graver and older man. Alice, however, whose mind was bent upon other things, was none the wiser, and for her own part found "Mr. Lauderdale" of wonderful service to her. When they sat making up their accounts at the end of the week, Alice with her little pencil putting everything down in pauls and scudi, which Lauderdale elaborately did into English money, as a preliminary to the exact division of expenses which the two careful housekeepers made, the sight was pleasant enough. By times it occurred that Alice, dreadfully puzzled by her companion's Scotch, but bound in chains of iron by her good breeding, which coming direct from the heart was of the most exquisite type, came stealing up to Colin, after a long interview with his friend, to ask the meaning of a word or two preserved by painful mnemonic exercises in her memory; and she took

to reading the Waverley novels by way of assisting her in this new language; but, as the only available copies of these works were in the shape of an Italian translation, it may be imagined that her progress was limited. Meanwhile, Meredith lived on as best he could, poor fellow, basking in the sun in the middle of the day, and the rest of his time sitting close to the fire with as many pillows and cloaks in his hard, old-fashioned easy-chair as might have sufficed for Siberia; and, indeed, it was a kind of Siberian refuge which they had set up in the top floor of the empty cold palace, the other part of which was used for a residence only during the hot season, and adapted to the necessities of a blazing Italian summer. For the Italian winter—often so keen and penetrating, with its cutting winds that come from the mountains, and those rapid and violent transitions which form the shadow to its sunshine—there, as elsewhere, little provision had been made; and the surprise of the inexperienced travellers, who had come there for warmth and genial atmosphere, and found themselves suddenly plunged into a life of Spartan endurance—of deadly chill and iciness indescribable—has been already described. Yet neither of them would consent to go into Rome, where comfort might be had by paying for it, and leave the brother and sister alone in this chilly nest of theirs. So they remained together on their lofty perch, looking over the great Campagna, witnessing such sunsets and grandness of cloud and wind as few people are privy to all their lifetime; watching the gleams of snow appear and disappear over the glorious purple depths of the Sabine hills, and the sun shooting golden arrows into the sea, and gloom more wonderful still than the light, rolling on like an army in full march over that plain which has no equal. All these things they watched and witnessed, with comments of all descriptions, and with silence better than any comment. In themselves they were a strange little varied company; one of them, still in the middle of life, but to

his own consciousness done with it, and watching the present actors as he watched the sunsets; two of them entirely full of undeveloped prospects in the world which was so familiar and yet so unknown; the last of all making his way steadily with few delays into a world still more unknown—a world which they all by times turned to investigate, with speculations, with questions, with enthusiastic anticipation, with profound child-like faith. Such was their life up among the breezes across the soft slopes of the Alban hills; and in the midst of everything more serious, of opening life and approaching death, Lauderdale and Alice sat down together weekly to reckon up their expenses in Italian and English money, and keep their accounts straight, as the little housewife termed it, with the world.

During this wintry weather, however, the occupations of the party were not altogether limited to these weekly accounts. Meredith, though he had been a little startled by the surprise shown by his companion at the too ingenious device of the map—which, after all, was not his device, but that of some Tract Society, or other body more zealous than scrupulous—had not ceased his warnings, in season and out of season. He talked to Maria about dying in a way which inspired that simple woman to the unusual exertion of a pilgrimage to Tivoli, where the kind Madonna had just been proved upon ample testimony to have moved her eyes, to the great comfort and edification of the faithful. "No doubt, it would be much better to be walking about all day among the blessed saints in heaven, as the Signor Arturo gives himself the trouble of telling me," Maria said, with some anxiety in her face, "but *vedi, cara Signorina mia*, it would be very inconvenient at the beginning of the season;" and, indeed, the same opinion was commonly expressed by Arthur's Italian auditors, who had, for the most part, affairs on hand which did not admit of immediate attention to such a topic. Even the good-natured friars at Cape Cross declined to tackle the young

Englishman after the first accost; for they were all of opinion that dying was a business to be got over in the most expeditious manner possible, not to be dwelt on either by unnecessary anxiousness before or lingering regret after; and, as for the inevitable event itself, there were the last sacraments to make all right—though, indeed, the English invalid, *povero infelice*, might well make a fuss about a matter which must be so hopeless to him. This was all the fruit he had of his labours, there being at that time no enterprising priest at hand to put a stop to the discussions of the heretic. But, at the same time, he had Colin and Lauderdale close at hand, and was using every means in his power to “do them good,” as he said; and still, in the quiet nights, when the cold and the silence had taken entire position of the great, vacant house and the half frozen village, poor Meredith dragged his chair and his table closer to the fire, and drew his cloak over his shoulders, and added yet another and another chapter to his “Voice from the Grave.”

As for Colin, if he had been a *litterateur* by profession, it is likely that, by this time, he would have begun to compile “Letters from Italy,” like others of the trade; but, being only a Scotch scholar, the happy holder of a Snell bursary, he felt himself superior to such temptations; though, indeed, after a week’s residence at Frascati, Colin secretly felt himself in a condition to let loose his opinions about Italian affairs in general. In the meantime, however, he occupied himself in another fashion. Together, he and his watchful guardian made pilgrimages into Rome. They went to see everything that it was right to go to see; but, over and above that, they went into the churches—into all manners of churches out of the way, where there were no grand functions going on, but only everyday worship. Colin was not a watchful English divine spying upon the superstition of Rome, nor a rampant Protestant finding out her errors and idolatries. He was the destined priest of a nation in a state of transition and renaissance, which had

come to feel itself wanting in the balance after a long period of self-complacency. With the instinct of a budding legislator and the eagerness of youth, he watched the wonderful scene he had before him—not the Pope, with his peacock feathers, and purple and scarlet followers, and wonderful audience of heretics—not high masses in great basilicas, nor fine processions, nor sweet music. The two Scotsmen made part of very different assemblies in those Lenten days, and even in the joyful time of Easter, when carriages of the English visitors, rushing to the ceremonies of the week, made the narrow Roman streets almost impassable. Perhaps it was a feeling of a different kind which drew the two strangers to the awful and solemn temple, where once the heathen gods were worshipped, and where Raphael rests; but let artists pardon Colin, whose own profession has associations still more lofty than theirs, if, on his second visit, he forgot Raphael, and even the austere nobility of the place. A humble congregation of the commonest people about—people not even picturesque—women with shawls over their heads, and a few of the dreamy poor old men who seem to spend their lives about Italian churches, were dotted over the vast floor, kneeling on those broken marbles which are as old as Christianity—some dropped at random in the middle, beneath the wonderful blue breadth of sky which looked in upon their devotions; some about the steps of the little altars round, and a little group about the special shrine where vespers were being sung. A lover of music would not have found a voice worth listening to in the place, and perhaps neither time nor tune was much attended to; but there was not a soul there, from the faint old men to the little children, who did not, according to his capabilities, take up the response, which was to every one, apparently, matter as familiar as an every-day utterance. These worshippers had no books, and did not need any. It might be words in a dead language—it might be but partially understood, or not understood at all; but at least it was known and familiar as no

religious service is in England, notwithstanding all our national vaunt of the prayer-book, and as nothing could be in Scotland, where we have no guide (save "the minister") to our devotion. When Colin, still weak and easily fatigued, withdrew a little, and sat down upon the steps of the high altar to listen, with a kind of shame in his heart at being unable to join those universal devotions, there came to his ear a wonderful chime of echoes from the great dome, which sent his poetic heart astray in spite of itself—for it sounded to the young dreamer like another unseen choir up there, who could tell of what spectators and assistants?—wistful voices of the past, coming back to echo the Name which was greater than Jove or Apollo. And then he returned to his legislative thoughts; to his dreams, patriotic and priestly; to his wondering, incredulous question with himself whether worship so familiar and so general, so absolutely a part of their daily existence, could ever be known to his own people. Such a thought, no doubt, had it been known, would almost have warranted the withdrawal of the Snell scholarship, and certainly would have deferred indefinitely Colin's chances of obtaining licence from any Scotch Presbytery. But, fortunately, Presbyterians are little interested in investigating what takes place in the Pantheon at Rome—whether old Agrippa breathes a far-off Amen out of the dome of his dead magnificence to the worship of the Nazarene, as Colin thought in his dreams; or what vain imaginations may possess the soul of a wandering student there.—He was roused abruptly out of these visions by the English party who had visited him at Frascati, and who came up to salute him now with that frank indifference to other people for which our nation is said to be pre-eminent. They shook hands with him all round, for they were acquainted with his story, and Colin was of the kind of man to make people interested in him; and then they began to talk.

"A sad exhibition this, is it not, Mr. Campbell?" said the mother; "one forgets how dreadful it is, you know,

when one sees it in all its grandeur—its fine music, and silver trumpets, and so forth; but it is terrible to see all these poor creatures, and to think they know no better. Such singing! There is not a charity school at home that would do so badly; and they speak of music in Italy!" said the English matron, who indeed in her last observation had some truth on her side.

"Hush," said Colin, who was young, and not above saying a fine thing when he could; "listen to the echo. Are there some kind angels in the dome, do you think, to mend the music? or is it the poor old heathens who hang about for very wistfulness, and say as good an Amen as they can, poor souls? Listen; I have heard no music like it in Rome."

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, what a beautiful idea!" said the young lady; and then, the service being ended, they walked about a little, and looked up from the centre of the place to the blue wintry sky, which forms the living centre of that vault of ages—an occupation which Lauderdale interrupted hurriedly enough by reminding Colin that they had still to get out to Frascati, and were already after time.

"Oh! you still live in Frascati," said Colin's acquaintance, "with that very strange young man? I never spoke to anybody in my life who startled me so much. Do you happen to know if he is a son of that very strange Mr. Meredith, whom there was so much talk of last year? that man, you know, who pretended to be so very good, and ran away with somebody. Dear me, I thought everybody knew that story. His son was ill, I know, and lived abroad. I wonder if it is the same."

"I don't think my friend has any father," said Colin, who, stimulated by the knowledge that the last train would start in half an hour, was anxious to get away.

"Ah, well, I hope so, I am sure, for your sake; for *that* Mr. Meredith was a dreadful man, and pretended to be so good till he was found out," said the lady. "Something Hall was the name



of his place. Let me recollect. Dear me, does nobody know the name?"

"Good-bye; it is over time," said Colin, and he obeyed the gesture of Lauderdale, and rushed after his already distant figure; but, before he had turned the corner of the square, one of the sons overtook him. "I beg your pardon, but my mother wishes you to know that it was Meredith of Moreby she was talking of just now," said the young man out of breath. Colin laughed to himself as he hastened after his friend. What had he to do with Meredith of Moreby? But, as he dashed along, he began to recollect an ugly story in the papers, and to bethink himself of a certain odd prejudice which he had been conscious of on first hearing the name of the brother and sister. When he got near enough to Lauderdale to lay hold of his arm, Colin could not help uttering, as was usual to him, what was at present on the surface of his mind.

"You know all about them," he said; "do you think they have a father?"

which simple words were said with a few gasps, as he was out of breath.

"What's the use of coming after me like a steam-engine?" said Lauderdale; "did you think I would run away? and you've need of a' your breath for that weary brae. How should I ken all about them? They're your friends, and not mine."

"All very well, Lauderdale; but she never makes *me* her confidant," said the young man, with his usual laugh.

"It's no canny to speak of *she*," said Lauderdale; "it's awfu' suggestive, and no a word for either you or me. She has an aunt in India, and two uncles that died in the Crimea, if you want to know exactly. That is all she has ever told to me."

And with this they dismissed the subject from their minds, and, arm-in-arm, addressed themselves to the arduous task of getting to the station through the narrow crowded streets in time for the train.

*To be continued.*